AN ARTICLE ON EX-SPEAKER REED, BY HENRY CABOT LODGE, IN THIS NUMBER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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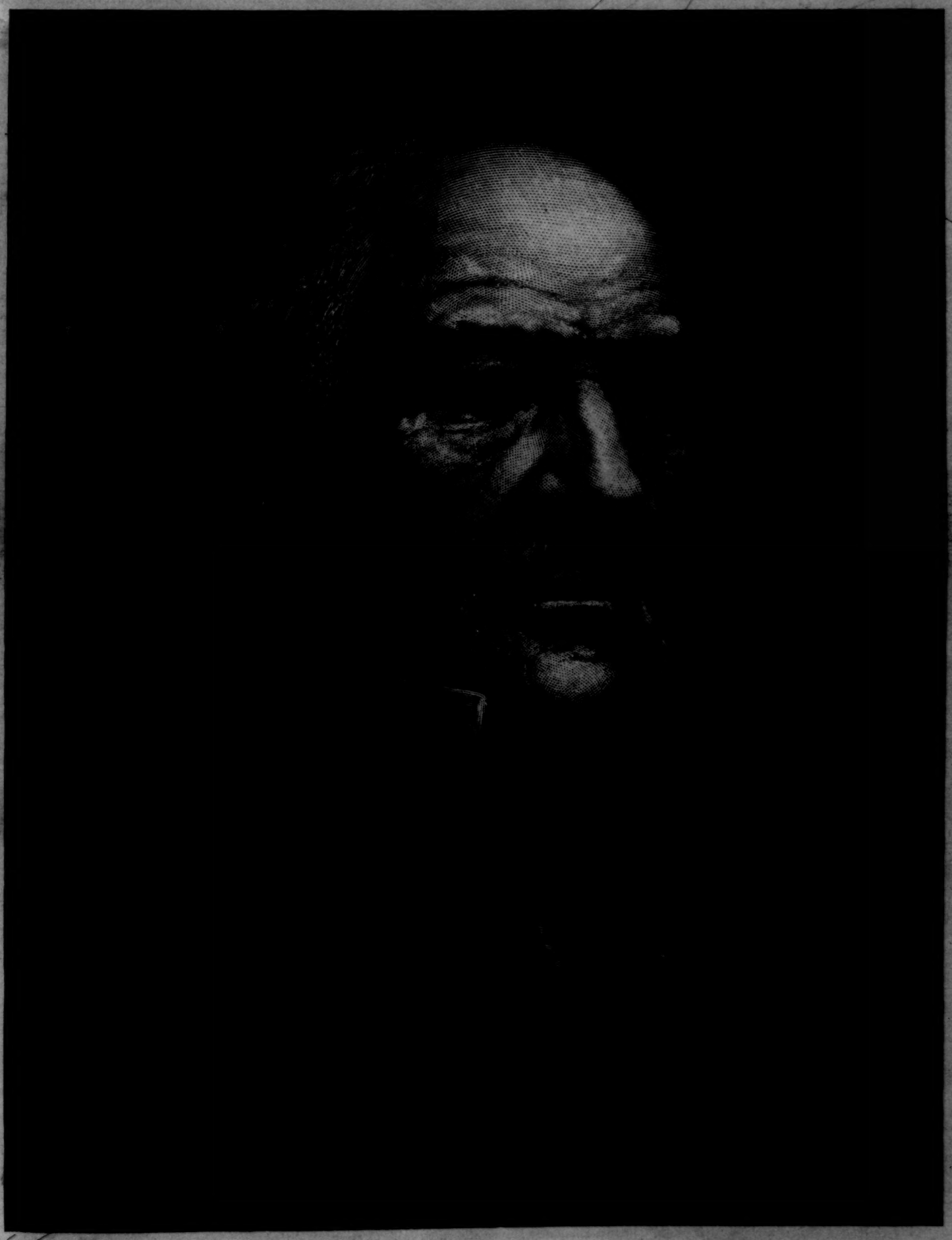

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.—[SEE PAGE 246.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 17, 1894.

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The Easter number of HARPER'S BAZAR, *published March 17th, is an especially attractive double number, with an illuminated cover. Its fashion designs include French models from* WORTH *and* PASQUIER, *with tailor gowns and wraps specially drawn for the* BAZAR. *There are several short stories by popular writers, with many striking illustrations.*

PROTECTION AND REFORM.

OF the various reviews of our political situation from different stand-points which this journal has laid before its readers, that contributed by Mr. HENRY C. LEA, of Philadelphia, to last week's number is certainly not the least interesting. Mr. LEA's high character as a citizen, a scholar, and a writer fully entitles it to the attention it has attracted. It is hardly necessary to say that many of the opinions expressed by Mr. LEA are not our own. He cannot find fault with us if we apply to them a qualification suggested by himself. He says that his view of the present state of things is "not wholly prejudiced." This permits us to infer that he himself suspects it of being not wholly unprejudiced. It may have struck him in his historical reading as well as in his personal experience that there are men of excellent mental gifts as well as of pure character whose opinions, or let us say convictions, on some subjects are strongly influenced, or even dominated, by their opinions or convictions on something else. There have been, and probably there are, princes whose bright minds and generous hearts are open to liberal ideas, but who reject with abhorrence all liberal ideas threatening to interfere with the divine right of kings. And there are now among us citizens of great intelligence and patriotic spirit who are anxious to promote the cause of good government by the support of necessary reforms, but who distrust and condemn as a fraud every reformatory movement which in any way directly or indirectly threatens the protective tariff. When we express our opinion that Mr. LEA belongs to this class, we certainly do not mean to cast suspicion upon his motives. On the contrary, we believe his motives to be perfectly honest, and think that he speaks in absolute good faith. But we can explain the startling extravagance of some of his statements only upon the hypothesis that he is a distinguished victim of those hallucinations which an almost religious devotion to the protective system has bred in many otherwise bright and generous minds.

Mr. LEA sees in the Presidential election of 1892 nothing but a gigantic fraud. According to him, the Democratic platform fraudulently promised radical, the Democratic candidate fraudulently promised moderate, tariff reform: "the anti-snappers were lured with a hope of a vindication of the principles for which they had struggled, while the Tammany tiger was placated in the mysteries of the Victoria Hotel dinner;" there was "that standing menace to our institutions, the solid South"; and "allied with this were the great corporations in sugar, beer, and whiskey; Tammany Hall in New York; the race-track gamblers in New Jersey; the anarchists and the enemies of the public schools in Illinois; and the socialists who under various disguises have obtained so wide a following beyond the Mississippi"; in short, a veritable pandemonium of all the fiends and enemies of human society cheating one another, and the whole world besides. No fair-minded, candid man, who has attentively studied the history of the last Presidential election, will hesitate to pronounce this picture, in which not an honest person appears, the product of a very seriously disturbed imagination. To say that those who carried the last Presidential election, a majority of the American people, were all either knaves of the deepest dye or fools of the silliest kind, is to declare the American people utterly incapable of maintaining republican government—especially considering the fact that the other side too had its QUAYS, its Republican Tammany machines in Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and other places, its political robbers and speculators, its huge corruption funds contributed by the protected interests, and so on. The bankruptcy of the republic would seem absolutely hopeless.

The truth is that as to the discrepancy between the radical declarations of the Democratic platform, brought about by a sudden dash of a faction in the convention, and the more moderate but well-considered declaration of the candidate, the spectacle was not indeed a desirable or admirable, but not a very extraordinary one in American politics. Similar things have happened in the history of all parties without being attended with serious deception. When Mr. LEA still insists that Mr. CLEVELAND made promises to Tammany on one side and to the anti-snappers on the other, he only shows how tenaciously he clings to silly campaign stories which have long been exploded; for it is well known that Mr. CLEVELAND made promises, either direct or indirect, to no one, least of all to the Tammany element. The so-called "enemies of the public schools in Illinois" consisted mostly of the German Lutherans, who belong to the most orderly and conservative element of our population, and who merely wished to vindicate—erroneously, perhaps—some of the rights of their own schools. The Populists, "beyond the Mississippi" and elsewhere, counted in great part among the bitterest opponents of Mr. CLEVELAND. As to the socialists, we shall have something to say farther on.

But there is one thing which Mr. LEA characteristically refuses to recognize: that the result of the election of 1892, like that of the Congressional elections of 1890, was owing to a widespread popular uprising against the high-protection policy embodied in the MCKINLEY tariff. This is what brought about the Democratic majorities in those two elections—not the little tricks and deceptions and combinations of which Mr. LEA draws such a harrowing picture. And hence these tears. It is a curious psychological phenomenon that the mind of the thoroughly ingrained protectionist will see in everything that threatens the tariff a devilish cabal set on foot by unscrupulous villains, and inspired by the most iniquitous motives, but never a genuine healthy popular desire. How far Mr. LEA is carried away by this morbid disposition appears clearly from his description of things which followed the election. He says that Mr. CLEVELAND keeps Congress "under fitful control by a prostitution of patronage more cynical than has hitherto disgraced the nation." Now we are certainly not disposed to spare Mr. CLEVELAND whenever his management of the patronage is open to criticism, and we are far from approving all he has done. But in common justice we must say that when he is charged with "a prostitution of patronage more cynical than has hitherto disgraced the nation," the exaggeration is simply absurd and scandalous. To go no farther, Mr. HARRISON'S management of the patronage was unquestionably more cynical than Mr. CLEVELAND'S. This certainly furnishes no justification for Mr. CLEVELAND'S shortcomings, but it is the sober truth, which Mr. LEA, if he were wholly unprejudiced, would readily recognize.

Another evidence of Mr. LEA'S warped state of mind appears in his grotesque assumption that the Southern people are in favor of an income tax, the burden of which will mainly fall upon the North, to "avenge Gettysburg and the Five Forks." We are not in favor of the proposed income tax; but if Mr. LEA will take the trouble to inquire into the nature of the popular support this tax receives, he will find that this support springs from a desire, not very exalted, but very common to human nature everywhere—the desire to have the taxes paid by somebody else. And this desire is as prevalent among the farmers of the West, and probably of Pennsylvania too, as it is in the South. The attempt to ascribe it to a rebel plot to "avenge" rebel defeats is so exquisitely preposterous thirty years after the close of the war that a man like Mr. LEA should leave it to the brainless little ranters of the Republican party.

But the climax of mental obfuscation is reached when Mr. LEA identifies the Democratic party with the "wild theories of Populism" and the purposes of the socialists, and when he darkly warns us of the approach of a socialistic earthquake. What is the fundamental doctrine of the Populists and the socialists? That the state, by constant interference, shall take care that the industrial activities of the people bear that fruit of profit and comfort which people desire. What is the fundamental doctrine of the protectionists? That the state, by constant interference in the way of tariff laws, shall make certain industries profitable. What is the doctrine of the tariff reformers? That the state shall leave these things to the independent, self-reliant activities of the people. From whom, then, have the Populists and the socialists learned their "wild theories"? From protectionist doctrines, and not from those of the tariff reformers. The real danger at present lies not in the Democratic policy in this respect, but in the uncertainty whether the Democrats in Congress will carry that policy into effect.

CROKER'S POWER IS BREAKING.

CONGRESSMAN DUNPHY'S resignation from the Tammany Hall General Committee is an encouraging sign of the times. It is perhaps too early to say that the disruption of Tammany Hall has begun, but it is quite safe to assert that Crokerism is doomed. Everything now depends upon the union of good citizens. If right-thinking men of both parties are in earnest, and refuse to be deceived by PLATT or CROKER, or schemes intended to bolster up boss rule by specious pretences of reform, New York city will not have a Tammany Mayor after next fall's election.

Crokerism seems to have reached the height of its folly and wickedness in the last State election. The autocrat of Tammany Hall went mad. For many months he had been making an ostentatious display of wealth. He rolled in luxury, and indulged his fancy for a sport in which none can engage habitually but the very wealthy, or professional gamblers. His apparently enormous gains from the business of politics excited the suspicion of good citizens, and aroused the jealousy of those who think that they have a right to share in all the loot that is captured by the brigands of Tammany. With this accession of riches and this outbreak of vulgar display, CROKER became arbitrary and defiant of public opinion. He carried himself as if he believed that his command of corrupt men and his control of the election machinery of the city made him invincible.

When the time came for nominating candidates, he joined HILL and MURPHY in forcing MAYNARD on an unwilling party. He compelled Congressman FITCH to resign, and to take the Tammany nomination for Comptroller, which was refused to Mr. MEYER, whose re-election was desired by every lover of good government. He declined to renominate District-Attorney NICOLL, and took out of Congress for that office the man whom decent citizens regard as one of the worst District Attorneys the city has ever had. He treated the offices of the municipality as his own, and defied the people to do their worst. He depended on his army of mercenaries to carry his edicts into effect, no matter what the law might declare or law-abiding people might desire. He called his captains together and offered them bribes for the largest majority for MAYNARD. He offered banners, and the DIVVERS, SHEEHANS, and MARTINS inspired their lieutenants in turn, DIVVER going so far as to offer a $1500 office belonging to the city to be disposed of by the captain of the election district doing the best for MAYNARD and Tammany. These incentives to bribery and fraud were effective.

The election in this city was conducted by criminals guarded by a police force instructed not to interfere with crime. But the response of the people was something that CROKER did not expect. MAYNARD was beaten by a majority of more than 100,000, and despite the offers of banners, "places," and other valuables, he ran 35,000 behind his ticket in this CROKER-ridden city. Then followed the uprising of outraged law. CROKER and Crokerism had finally gone beyond the bounds where patience is possible. The Tammany inspectors, Democrats and Republicans, were indicted by shoals. Thirty-nine of them have been tried and convicted or have run away and forfeited their bail. Several of them have begun to serve sentences running from thirty days to two years. Two are serving terms of five years in State prison. These two, one a Democrat and the other a Republican, were doing their best to earn Justice DIVVER'S $1500 clerkship. While this was going on in New York, MCKANE was convicted and sentenced in Brooklyn.

The courts were doing their duty. The District Attorney was forced to do his. While the law was being vindicated by the punishment of CROKER'S mercenaries, the newspapers and Dr. PARKHURST were exposing the corruptions of the Police Department. The charges made were explicit and sustained by convincing evidence. The result was to force a partial compliance by the Legislature with the popular demand for the investigation of the municipal government. A committee was appointed to inquire into the charges against the police force—a committee from which very little is to be expected. The city is to have from the majority at Albany just so much reform as its leaders, including Mr. PLATT, are compelled to grant, and no more. But that anything is to be granted, that the understanding between CROKER and PLATT is so far to be violated, is evidence of the power of awakened public sentiment. That misfortunes never come singly is abundantly true when a great conspiracy, like that of Tammany Hall against the public welfare, is being revealed. The revelations of the corruption of the Police Department were followed by Mr. GRAY'S revelations of the frauds practised in purchasing supplies for the Fire Department. Then came the charges against the Street Cleaning Department, and finally an exposure of such baseness and cruelty that astonished the citizens of New York, familiar as they are with the infamy of which Tammany politicians are capable. The $1,000,000 appropriated by the authorities for the purpose of giving work to the unemployed was being distributed for political purposes among the heelers and strikers of the CROKER régime, and among the padrones who controlled the Italian vote.

The convictions of the mercenaries, and the exposures of the iniquities, the infamies, and the baseness of Tammany, have wrought a wonderful effect. DIVVER is in California. CROKER is travelling in Texas. Other leaders are maintaining a significant seclusion. The fear of the outraged people has travelled northward through the State, and Senator MURPHY'S gang of ruffians, who have heretofore carried their bailiwick of Troy by comfortable majorities, have this year been forced to an unusual amount

of false registration, to the employment of an army of repeaters imported from distant cities, to flagrant false counting, to physical capture of the polling-places, and even to murder, to elect their candidate for Mayor by a small plurality.

The mercenaries who depended on the power of the bosses to protect them, and are now behind prison bars or fugitives from justice, are demoralized. Loud complaints on account of this desertion are heard on every hand. Fear and uncertainty have invaded the dull minds that have depended on their "pull." They have risked their liberty and their citizenship for the bosses who have left them undefended in the hour of their trouble. CROKER and DIVVER can never again procure the services of men who are willing to violate the law if they can be guaranteed freedom from punishment. The courts of law have destroyed the discipline and the loyalty of the pretorians. These will not serve masters who cannot, or do not, keep them out of jail. Already they are shaming CROKER by pointing out to him that when he was a humble tough and heeler, charged with murder, JOHN KELLY sat by his side in the court-room.

Besides the mercenaries, men like Congressman DUNPHY are beginning to understand that they cannot afford to be tainted with even the suspicion of Crokerism. OTTO KEMPNER saw the coming break a year ago. CROKER has estranged BOURKE COCKRAN, who was his strongest ally. It is said that Mayor GILROY is also marked for rejection next fall. The old supports of the house of crime are giving way. CROKER has lost his friends, and is losing the men whose loyalty he was once able to buy. The people are aroused against him. The officers of the law fear the coming storm, and dare not shield him. His power is breaking.

THE POOR, THE PARKS, AND "POLITICS."

CURIOUSLY little notice has been taken by the daily press of New York of a series of events that already furnishes the material for a public scandal, and that threatens to constitute a formidable addition to the political dangers of the city. Some weeks ago a bill appropriating $1,000,000, to be spent by the Park Department for unspecified improvements, passed the Legislature and became law. The pretext of its enactment was the relief of distress by providing work for the unemployed. Preparations were at once made, and have since been vigorously and persistently continued, to extract political uses from the money. The very first use that was made of it by the Park Commissioners was the appointment of a novel functionary, called a "labor expert," and paid at the rate of $5000 a year, to choose the laborers upon whom the bounty of the State was to be expended. Of course this functionary was a politician, and the supposition that considerations of politics would govern him in his expert choice of labor was irresistible. A supplementary bill was introduced into the Legislature providing that not more than one-fourth of the money should be expended under contract, the remaining three-fourths being reserved for the employment of men directly by the Park Department, with the advice and consent of the labor expert. Inasmuch as the money is equally spent upon labor, whether the labor is employed by contractors or by the city, with the difference that a contractor requires a day's work for a day's wages, and selects his laborers for their fitness to do work, the politics of this supplementary measure is evident.

It was at this point that the scheme threatened a collapse. The Board of Estimate summoned the President of the Park Board, and demanded of him a statement of the manner in which he proposed to spend the money. That unfortunate official was helpless and at a loss, and could not produce a plan that even the most friendly and encouraging Board of Estimate could approve for spending more than a pitiful fraction of the allotted sum. This in itself is a severe arraignment of the Park Board. It is impossible to imagine a commission of competent and zealous men, intrusted with the administration of a system of parks like that of New York, which would not be able and eager to produce, at a few days' notice, plans for spending a million upon improvements and embellishments unquestionably for the advantage of the city. In fact, plans were some years ago prepared by the experts of the department for a needed extension of the bridle-path to the upper end of Central Park, the execution of which would account for a great part of this sum. Of these plans the President of the department seemed never to have heard. At the next meeting of the Board of Estimate they summoned another Park Commissioner in place of the discredited President. This commissioner was able to produce a more or less itemized estimate for spending about a quarter of the appropriation. The Board of Estimate, demanding nothing of the plans except that they should require the immediate employment of a large number of unskilled laborers, received this estimate with great satisfaction, and at once approved it.

Then came the inevitable rush of the politicians for the labor tickets. The labor tickets were a source of great scandal in TWEED'S time, but this scandal has long since declined, until this latest revival of it in an acute and exaggerated form. A labor ticket is simply an order upon the city to employ an unskilled laborer at more than the market rate of wages for unskilled labor. A class of favored laborers is thus created, and these are expected to show their gratitude by devotion to the interests of the politicians who procure their enrolment in the favored class. A more ingenious device for securing inefficiency in public work and for strengthening the hold of the small politicians upon the city government and the public treasury could not be devised. There has been no concealment in this case. The work has all been done openly, and with a candid and cynical contempt for public opinion. The President of the Park Board has publicly avowed, in answer to an application by the President of the Board of Aldermen, whose father's son might be in more dignified business, that the labor tickets had been given for distribution—to whom, does the reader think? To the officers or agents of the charitable societies whose business it is to know of the deserving and necessitous who are out of work through no fault of their own? Not at all, but to "the district leaders," the district leaders of Tammany Hall. It is in the interest not even ostensibly of the public, and not more than ostensibly of the poor, but in the interest of politics, and to tighten the hold of Tammany Hall upon the municipality, that the money is to be spent which the Legislature has been tricked into believing was to be spent in relieving distress. There is much to be said in favor of executing public works in times of general distress, seeing not only that the distress can be alleviated, but that needful work can be done cheaper at such times than at any other. But there is nothing to be said for the spending at any time of public money upon useless objects, and nothing for the Tammany translation of *panem et circenses* into work at more than current wages for political "heelers" chosen by the district leaders of Tammany Hall.

THE NEW HIGH-LICENSE BILL.

THE excise bill of 1894 (Assembly bill No. 453), prepared by the Excise Reform Association of New York city, is a high-license bill. It provides for four different kinds of license. For a hotel license or for a saloon liquor license to sell liquors, wines, and beer, the proposed rate is from one to two thousand dollars in cities, and from five hundred to a thousand dollars in towns. Present rates are from thirty dollars to five hundred in cities, and from thirty dollars to one hundred and fifty in towns. For a saloon beer license the proposed fee is from one to two hundred dollars in cities, and from fifty to one hundred in towns. Present rates are from thirty to seventy-five dollars in cities, and from twenty to sixty dollars in towns. For a storekeeper's license, permitting the sale of wines, liquors, and beer not to be drunk on the premises, the proposed rates are from two hundred to one thousand dollars in cities, and from one hundred to five hundred dollars in towns. Present rates are from thirty to two hundred and fifty dollars in cities, and from thirty to one hundred and fifty dollars in towns.

In a number of further particulars the new bill differs from the law now in force. Section 8 limits the number of saloons to one saloon to every five hundred of population, and provides for the gradual reduction of the number of saloons until they are within that limit. Until the number is reduced to this limit no license can be granted or transferred to any person who is not a licensee under an existing license. Section 1 provides for a public hearing, and for the posting of a notice for ten days beforehand upon the premises for which a license is desired. Section 2 provides for refusing a license if the owners or lessees of the adjoining premises object. It also abolishes the test of "good moral character approved by the board," the abuse of which has given boards of excise unlimited range for the exercise of favoritism. The substitution for this test in Section 2 of simple qualifications that can be absolutely determined, and the clause in Section 3 which compels boards in localities which issue any licenses to issue them to all applicants who meet the requirements of the act in the order of application, relieves the saloon-keeper of the obligation to maintain his political "pull." If he can satisfy the requirements of the law, and the legal limit of licenses issued is not reached before his application comes to hand, he will get his license whether he has a "pull" or not. But he must meet all the requirements. Section 10 requires due compliance with *all* the conditions of the act, including a public hearing upon notice, the payment of the increased license fee, and proof that the applicant has never been convicted of a violation of the excise law. The filing of a bond is made prerequisite to the granting of a license.

If there is any failure there is a remedy. The present act permits the proceedings of excise boards to be reviewed only when a license is refused; but the proposed law enables any citizen to bring proceedings of excise boards before the courts for review upon certiorari, and authorizes the court to vacate the board's action, and direct either a new hearing or the granting or denial of a license according to the requirements of the act.

Section 12 is also intended to aid the enforcement of the law. The present law permits an officer to enter *only* upon licensed premises, and *only* at hours when sales are permitted by the license. He is thereby excluded from entering upon unlicensed premises or from entering at hours when unlicensed sales are made; in other words, is excluded from the very places and at the very times that the act may be and is most likely to be violated. The amendment provides that any officer authorized to make arrests may enter upon any premises where liquors are sold or given away whenever such premises are open. If this provision should seem to any one to place the dining-rooms of private citizens under police supervision, the answer obviously is that the dwellings of citizens are not ordinarily open premises in the legal sense.

The sort of opposition that will be made at Albany to a high-license bill which would take the saloon out of politics can be readily foreseen. The majority of the saloon-keepers will oppose the increase of the license fees; the majority of the ward politicians in the greater cities of the State will object strenuously to the emancipation of the saloon-keeper. The Prohibitionists will doubtless also object, as heretofore, to a measure that sanctions the "traffic in rum." Nevertheless, in other States where it has been tried—in Massachusetts, Minnesota, and Nebraska—high license has proved the most effective means yet devised of reducing the number of saloons, of exterminating saloons of the worst class, and of securing the enforcement of the excise law. It is confidently believed that a majority of the people of this State believe in it and want to see it tried, and that sooner or later they will find means to make their wishes prevail.

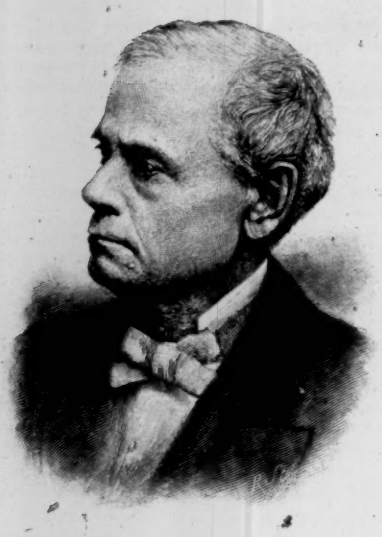
THE HONORARY MEMBER.

THE recent action of the Society of California Pioneers in expelling one of their honorary members, HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT, the historical writer, suggests that some eminent legal person should give the world a treatise on the rights and wrongs of honorary members of societies and clubs. It would appear that the position of the honorary member is an anomalous one. Generally speaking, this person is one who, for some alleged merit or service of his own, has been chosen (without his knowledge or consent) a member of a grateful or appreciative organization—society, club, or what not. This honor—for he is an *honorary* member—does not carry with it any active duty of participation in the doings of the organization, or any responsibility for the payment of dues or other similar obligations. But, as we have seen in the case of the California Pioneers, the member chosen in honor may be dismissed in dishonor. Ought these things so to be, and the laws of logic and commonsense stand unviolated?

The California society is composed of men who arrived on the California coast prior to January 1, 1850, and the purposes of the organization are chiefly confined to the collection and preservation of records of the early occupation of the country by Americans. The male posterity of the pioneers in a direct line are eligible to membership; otherwise the society would ultimately become extinct. It would appear that Mr. BANCROFT was chosen honorary member of the California Pioneers in recognition of his labors as a historian of California and its early settlement. He has been expelled on account of alleged slanders of the old Argonauts contained in said historical writings. Specifically, it is stated that Mr. BANCROFT in his history slandered Commodore STOCKTON, General JOHN C. FREMONT, JOHN A. SUTTER, and other men famed in song and story as the builders and makers of the State. Did the Pioneers elect Mr. BANCROFT on account of his books, and then expel him on account of what those books contained? Did they elect him first and read his books afterward? It would appear so.

Something like this happened in this city, a social club having elected as an honorary member for life an artist who had laid the club under obligation by his talent. In this case the artist was not a lay member; it was not supposed that he sought or desired the honor thrust upon him, but, being elected, he sought the privileges of the club, and by his personal conduct and his invincible habit of contracting debts which he could not pay, rendered himself inimical to the lay members, and he was subsequently suspended from membership therefor. Here was an anomaly; a life member ceased to be a life member against his will, and while he was yet very much alive. Here is another case: Mr. Blifkins, let us call him, was invited to make an address at an annual dinner of the Podunk Camera Club, let us say. His speech was so applauded that the organization chose him an honorary member. He could do no less than accept, and from that day forward his life was made miserable by invitations to meetings, to subscribe to financial efforts of various kinds, and to purchase tickets for entertainments and exhibitions without number. His failure to respond provoked criticism that reached his ears, and he resigned to secure the freedom for which he longed. But the club refused to let him go. An honorary membership, the lawyers of the club contended, could not be vacated by the voluntary action of the incumbent. Mr. Blifkins remained, the passive target of unfriendly criticism. By this time the "honor" had become purely Falstaffian.

These three curious instances of the incongruities that may attend the honor of an honorary membership in almost any organization will indicate to the ingenuity of the coming juridical essayist the line of his inquiry and research. How far is a man liable to misrepresentation if he steadily refuses to accept honorary membership in any organization whatever? How far is he liable to injury if, having accepted, he thereby subjects himself to the whim, caprice, or vengeance of the body of men who have honored him, and who may anon desire to dishonor him? It is evident that the whole subject of honorary membership, its responsibilities and its privileges, needs illumination from the eminent legal mind. Any society may choose any man an honorary member without his knowledge or consent. Does his acceptance, tacit or expressed thereafter, render him liable to obligations and casualties which he might desire to avoid?



ENOCH PRATT,
Baltimore's Banker Philanthropist.—[See Page 259.]

THE LATE W. F. POOLE,
Librarian of the Newberry Library, Chicago.—[See Page 255.]

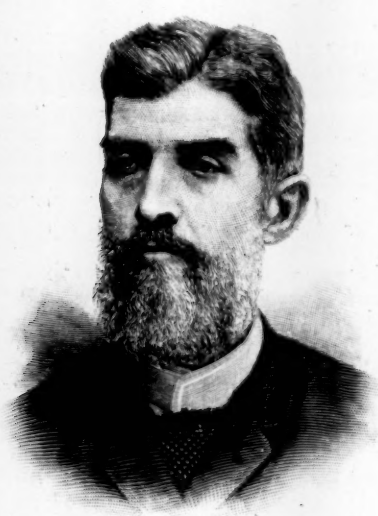
FRANCIS L. WELLMAN,
Assistant District Attorney of New York.—[See Page 258.]

LORD ROSEBERY,
Mr. Gladstone's Successor as Premier of Great Britain.—[See Page 246.]

SIR WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT,
The Liberal Leader in the House of Commons.—[See Page 246.]

GRANVILLE STUART,
United States Minister to Paraguay and Uruguay.—[See Page 246.]

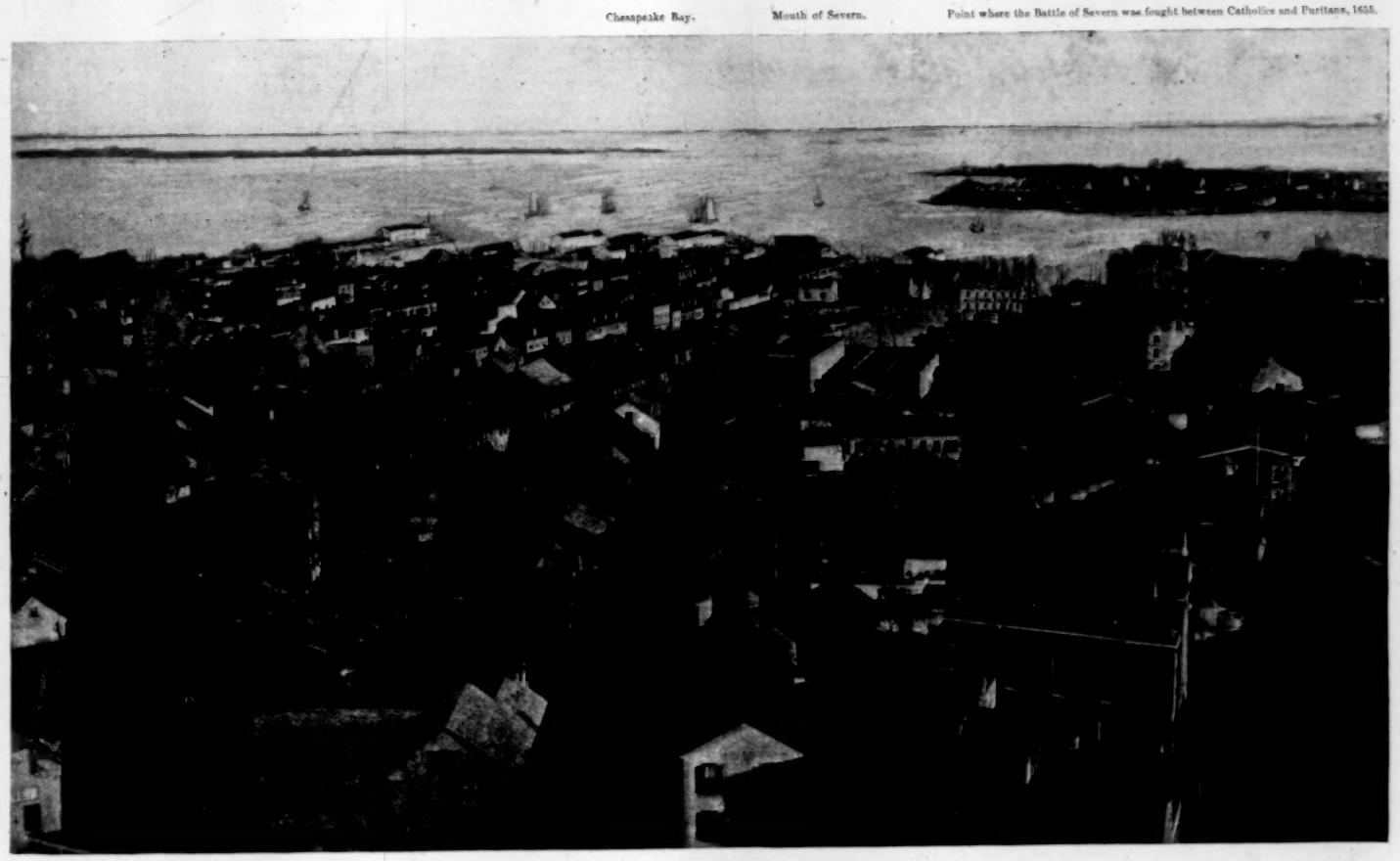
THE LATE GENERAL JUBAL A. EARLY,
The Distinguished Confederate Soldier.—[See Page 246.]



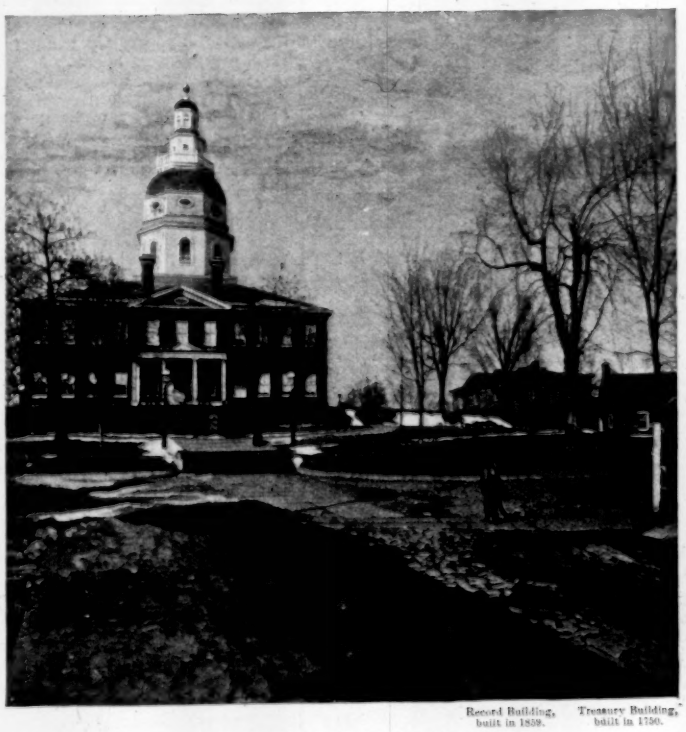
PRUDENTE DE MORAES,
President-Elect of Brazil.—[See Page 255.]

INTERIOR OF THE SENATE CHAMBER,
Where Washington resigned his Military Commission, 1783.

TYDINGS' HOUSE,
Once a Boarding-house, where Washington was entertained.



VIEW OF ANNAPOLIS, LOOKING SOUTHEAST FROM THE STATE-HOUSE.



THE STATE-HOUSE, BUILT IN 1772.
From a Photograph taken in 1894.

MANN'S HOTEL,
Where Washington was quartered in December, 1783.

ANNAPOLIS, FOR TWO HUNDRED YEARS THE CAPITAL OF MARYLAND.—[See Page 246.]

THE LIBERAL PARTY AND ITS NEW LEADER.

THERE is beginning in Great Britain an important constitutional contest. The hereditary principle in legislation is in issue. The "mending or ending" of the House of Lords is the new question that will be submitted to the constituencies at the coming general election, for the retirement of Gladstone from the premiership and the accession of Lord Rosebery must soon be followed by dissolution of the Commons and an appeal to the people.

The condition of the Liberal party is that of doubt and uncertainty. Its majority in the House of Commons is about forty; to make up this preponderance over the Unionists there are counted eighty-one Irish members, seventy-two of whom—the McCarthyites—are inclined to trust the English Liberals, to accept their leadership, to join their party. The nine under the leadership of Mr. Redmond adhere to the policy that was insisted upon by Mr. Parnell. That policy was, in brief, that no Irishman should accept office or unite himself with any English party, because English politicians are to be trusted to do only so much for Ireland as they are forced to do. It is true that a home-rule bill can be carried without, or against, the votes of the Redmondites, but the Liberal majority is not so great that the party leader can afford to offend them; moreover, if on an appeal to the people the English Liberals should lose any of their votes, the defection of the Redmondites would become serious, and perhaps fatal. Besides the Irish members, the Liberal party in the Commons comprises Scotch and Welsh Liberals who insist on disestablishment, the Radicals who follow Mr. Labouchere, and the Labor party that is led by John Burns. Whatever there is of socialism in the House of Commons was behind Mr. Gladstone, and is now, for the moment at least, behind Lord Rosebery. It is a heterogeneous mass containing the potency of much trouble to the new leader.

It was a great tribute to Mr. Gladstone's sincerity that all these elements were willing to accept his leadership. When his wonderful career is considered, we find the former champion of church and state leading the party of disestablishment; the Tory friend and follower of Melbourne and Peel bringing in the bills formulated for the purpose of carrying out the policy of the Radicals and the Labor party; the Premier who denied home-rule to the Irish accepted as the successor of Parnell by nine-tenths of the Irish home-rulers in Parliament. So consistent and progressive have these changes of opinion been, so clearly have they marked an intellectual evolution, that only bitter partisan opponents, who can see nothing but evil in antagonism to their prejudices, have charged him with inconsistency. When Mr. Gladstone was finally impelled by conviction to take up the cause of home-rule, and when he agreed to the Newcastle programme, those who knew him best willingly accepted his leadership. Those alone doubted him who regard change of opinion as a mental or moral frailty. No doubt the persistent refusal of a peerage, the determined purpose to remain a Commoner, had much to do with inspiring the radical elements of his following with confidence and affection. At the last moment, when he was laying down power forever, he once more declined to bury in the gilded chamber of the Lords the name which he had made illustrious beyond that of any other English statesman of his long and glorious day. And this is the crowning proof of a consistency which warranted the absolute confidence that united under his leadership all the elements which in a French Chamber of Deputies would have divided into groups, and in our own House of Representatives would have gone their several ways on the various questions that concerned them.

The task of the new leader is arduous, and it is rendered still more difficult by the fact that he is a peer. Mr. Henry Labouchere announces that he and his will not follow the lead of a peer, and that Rosebery's government will not last more than a week. Mr. Labouchere, however, is likely to be disappointed in the number of his following. Although the new Premier is a member of the House of Lords, he is not averse to the conflict which that chamber has precipitated. Some years ago he advised the peers to reform their body, warning them that if they postponed reform the time would come when change would be too late and destruction inevitable. If that time has now come, Lord Rosebery will not hesitate to lead an assault upon the hereditary principle in legislation. No one entertains more contempt for the peers as law-makers than he. He is a Liberal, and he knows that if the attitude which the lords have assumed in this Parliament is maintained his party can never make any impression upon the legislation of the country. At the last general election, which resulted in the return of Mr. Gladstone to power, the nation decided in favor of home-rule for Ireland, for reform of local government in the parishes, and for the passage of laws that would permit working-men to recover damages for accidents that happened to them in the course of their employment. In throwing out the home-rule bill, and in so amending the parish councils and employers' liability bills that their purpose was defeated, the Lords refused to permit the nation to have its way. This was practically a denial of the democratic principle, which, after centuries of conflict, is now the moving spirit of the British constitution. The precedent of 1832 would permit the government to overcome this opposition of the Lords to the nation by the creation, or the threatened creation, of new peers; but that course is cumbersome and temporary. New peers do not long remain Liberal. The theory is in Great Britain that the people rule, and the fact that an oligarchy, holding power by the accident of birth, can paralyze the chosen representatives of the people is growing to be intolerable. The state of things described by Earl Grey more than sixty years ago is asserted as right and constitutional by the peers of to-day. "If a majority of this House," said Lord Grey, "should have the power of acting adversely to the crown and the Commons, and was determined to exercise that power without being liable to check or control, the constitution is completely altered, and the government of this country is not a limited monarchy; it is no longer, my lords, the Crown, the Lords, and the Commons, but a House of Lords—a separate oligarchy—governing absolutely the others."

The nation must now express its will once more concerning the issues that were passed upon at the last election, and, in addition, it must state its mind concerning the future of the House of Lords. While Lord Rosebery will probably be regarded with suspicion by home-rulers and Radicals, there is no doubt of his Liberalism, of his democratic tendencies, of his unusual gifts for leadership. If he were not a peer, the elements that have been united under Mr. Gladstone would turn to him with enthusiasm. As he is a peer, he is quite likely to replace whatever he may lose from the Radicals with old-fashioned Whigs who have grown tired of their alliance with the Tories. But all this is pure speculation. A great leader has gone, and a new and untried man, of great power and promise, has taken his place. What will happen in the immediate future is much more difficult to predict than what will continue to be the direction of the current of popular thought and action in Great Britain. Rosebery may fail to hold together the elements of Gladstone's following, but what has been the Liberal policy—the enlargement of human rights, the alleviation of human wrongs, the increase of the powers of citizenship—will continue, and will prevail.

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

A NOTABLE CELEBRATION.

ANNAPOLIS, in Maryland, celebrated on Monday, March 5th, the two-hundredth anniversary of the removal of the capital of the province to that city from St. Mary's. At that early period, 1694, Annapolis was forty-five years old. Its settlement was due to events as novel as they were creditable, and events nearly a half century afterwards had a potential effect in bringing the capital to "the ancient city," as it is both facetiously and affectionately called by the people of Maryland.

A Protestant Governor ruled in Virginia, a Catholic proprietary reigned in Maryland. That liberality which professors of a similar faith might be reasonably expected to exhibit to each other was sadly wanting in the Churchmen of Virginia towards their Puritan brethren, and in the year 1648 the authorities of Virginia, discovering that the Congregational or Independent Church, formed in 1642, had by the aid of secret meetings, notwithstanding the laws against it, increased to one hundred and eighteen members, began a rigorous execution of their penal statutes against the Puritans. Their conventicle was broken up, and the members scattered in different directions.

Near the close of the year 1648 the Independent elder, Mr. Durand, took refuge in Maryland. Negotiations for a settlement of the Independents very soon began, and the persecuted Puritans were offered an asylum in Maryland, provided they who would hold land would take the oath of allegiance to Lord Baltimore.

This they agreed to do. A small company from Richard Bennett's plantation, at Nansemond, in all about ten families, was the first to arrive on the Severn. At Greensbury's Point they made a settlement: a tract of two hundred and fifty acres was surveyed and divided into lots of fifteen acres, each settler receiving one lot, and Bennett securing the balance. As the Puritans came to the Chesapeake they took possession of unoccupied lands, and there was quite speedily a line of plantations extending from Herring Bay to Magothy River, a distance of twenty-five miles. This was in 1649. They reverently and appropriately called their new home on the Severn, "Providence."

The removal of the capital to Annapolis was the result of the inconvenience of access to St. Mary's, and to the bitter feeling between the Catholics and the partisans of King William and Mary. No local injuries were the causes, but the ill will was imported from the Old World, and no doubt the love of office and of power had much to do with the change.

The vote by which the removal was effected was in October, 1693, and the lovers of history have to mourn the loss of the House proceedings of this date, for no proceedings from 1684 to 1694 remain. Fortunately the journals of the Upper House, the Governor's Council, preserve the quaint petition of the people of St. Mary's and the vigorous answer of the House, and show that the citizens of St. Mary's made a mighty endeavor to maintain its ancient rights and privileges. But political events and religious rancor know no relenting, and on February 28, 1694 (old style), the first Legislature met in Annapolis. "Anne Arundel Town" was then the name of the new capital.

Annapolis put on its honors with the stir of a new vitality. Ship yards were laid out, a parish church, a free school, a State House, were built, and a public ferry over the Severn was established.

An accident had not only lost to St. Mary's the capital of the State, but it had deprived Lord Baltimore of his government forever. When William and Mary ascended the throne of England in 1688, Lord Baltimore sent word to proclaim them sovereigns. The despatch failed to reach Maryland. His cautious deputies hesitated to hear the proprietary's will, when John Coode organized a revolution to maintain the rights of William and Mary, which overturned Lord Baltimore's government, and as the insurrection marched on it carried the capital with it from Catholic St. Mary's to Puritan Annapolis. Puritanism vanished with the arrival of the capital. A new element came with the government—officials, politicians, lawyers, legislators, judges, scholars, and divines. Here grace and beauty gathered, and in this prototype of an English capital, wealth, leisure, beauty, and refinement created a life of social gayety and voluptuous enjoyment that made its city famous throughout all the colonies for its fastidious pleasures, whilst the culture and elegance of its people gained for it the title of "The Athens of America." Nor was the title undeserved. From its civilization were evolved Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Charles Wilson Peale, William Pinckney, Daniel Dulaney, Reverdy Johnson, and John D. Godman in the last century; and in the present, Stuart Holland, the hero of the "Arctic," James Booth Lockwood, of the Greely expedition, Stuart Robson, Dennis W. Mullan, the hero of Samoa, all of whom were born in Annapolis; and many others in both eras whose names belong to the history of the whole country. The spirit, character, and patriotism of the people of Annapolis are written in deeds like these: the Battle of the Severn, 1656; establishment of King William's School, 1696; founding of the *Gazette*, 1727; a merciful reception of the banished Acadians, 1755; erection of the first theatre in America, in 1760; mobbing of Hood, the stamp-act tax-gatherer, in 1765; the burning of the *Peggy Stewart* and tea in 1774; furnishing two incidents in the bill of indictment of George III. in the Declaration of Independence; mobbing the Tories of 1812 who dared rejoice by a sermon and procession over the fall of Napoleon and the freeing of English legions to fight America; and in gaining the love of Washington next to his Mount Vernon home.

The ceremonies of celebration were a civic and military parade in the afternoon, literary exercises on behalf of St. John's College, whose foundation is co-eval with the removal of the capital, a masquerade and illumination in the early evening, and reading of historical papers in the Hall of the House of Delegates at night.

Among the essays read were: "The City of St. Mary's," by James W. Thomas, of Cumberland, Maryland; "The Catholic and Puritan Settlements in Maryland," by Professor Alfred P. Dennis, of Princeton College; and "The Removal of the Capital from St. Mary's to Annapolis," by Elihu S. Riley, of Annapolis.

ELIHU S. RILEY.

GENERAL JUBAL A. EARLY.

JUBAL ANDERSON EARLY was born in Franklin County, Virginia, November 4, 1816, and died at his home, Lynchburg, Virginia, March 2, 1894. His father was Joab Early, a substantial farmer, and his mother, a Miss Hariston, belonged to the largest slave-holding family in the State.

Jubal obtained the best education afforded by his section of the State, and in 1833, having received an appointment to West Point, he entered the Military Academy, and graduated in 1837. Young Early ranked as second lieutenant of artillery at his graduation, and was soon sent to Florida, where he served for several months in the Seminole war. He now resigned his commission in the army, returned to his native county, studied law, and entered upon a successful practice of that profession. His force of character and intellect were such that he soon gained the entire confidence of his county, which he served as Commonwealth's Attorney and for two terms in the Legislature.

During the Mexican war his services were tendered to the then Governor of Virginia and accepted, and in this service he contracted rheumatism, from which his body was ever afterward bent.

In January, 1861, he was elected a member of the secession convention over a candidate who advocated the dissolution of the Union. General Early was the most extreme Unionist of that convention, and was the last to sign the ordinance of secession. This ordinance was passed April 17, 1861, and that day he was appointed a Colonel of the Virginia forces. Soon the same rank in the Confederate service was conferred upon him, and he set himself to collecting companies, which were consolidated into the Twenty-fourth Virginia Regiment and assigned to his command.

All are familiar with the magnificent performance of Early's men at first Manassas, and for his services here Early was made Brigadier-General.

The rank of Major-General was conferred upon him at second Manassas, and he was then assigned a division. He repelled McClellan at Antietam, was most effective at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. Early figured conspicuously and distinguishedly at Spottsylvania Court House, in the Wilderness, and at Gettysburg.

General Early was sent in June, 1864, against Hunter, whom he met and defeated at Lynchburg. He crossed the Potomac, met and defeated General Lew. Wallace at Monocacy, and threatened the city of Washington. Thence retiring into the Valley of Virginia, he showed himself an able strategist at Winchester. In the Valley disasters followed, and rivals have endeavored on this account to belittle the importance of Early's ability, but his great commander Lee wrote him assuring him of his undiminished regard for his military ability.

General Early superintended for many years the drawings of the Louisiana Lottery, and has received from it more than $400,000. Much of this was expended on behalf of connections, and in supplying the necessities of those dependent on Confederate soldiers who were killed and wounded.

General Early always wore the Confederate gray, and his casket was covered with it. He was buried Monday, March 5, at Spring Hill Cemetery, Lynchburg, Virginia, with military honors.

R. H. T. ADAMS, JUN.

THE NEW MINISTER TO PARAGUAY.

GRANVILLE STUART, the new minister to Paraguay and Uruguay, was born near Clarksburg, Harrison County, Virginia, August 27, 1834, of Scotch descent. His school education was limited to three months in a year, and but few years, his opportunities being limited to the usual "winter term" of a farmer boy in the backwoods school-houses where most of the Western men of fifty years ago were graduated. Three years of his life have been spent in Virginia, two in Illinois, thirteen in Iowa, five in California, and thirty-six in what is now Montana. During this time he has followed the avocations of gold-miner, merchant, and manager of a great cattle ranch. He was seven years President of the Montana State Board of Live-Stock Commissioners, having in charge the immense cattle interests of the State; was the first State Land Agent, whose duty it was to select the 622,000 acres granted to the State on its admission to the Union. He was ten years in the Legislature, and President of the Council, or Upper House, for two years. He has always been one of the hardest working members of the legislative bodies with which he has been identified, and many of the laws of Montana bear the impress of his well-directed labors.

In company with his brother, James Stuart, Rezin Anderson, John W. Powell, Thomas Adams, and Fred H. Burr, from 1858 to 1862, he did the first prospecting and mining for gold in Montana, undergoing many hardships from lack of food and shelter and from hostile Indians, and their letters to friends describing their operations, and the immense gold-bearing deposits of this then unknown region, caused the stampede of gold-miners that resulted in the settlement of this part of the Rocky Mountains twenty years ahead of its time. This timely discovery of gold led in a few years, and during a critical period in our history, to the addition of more than $100,000,000 worth of gold-dust to the wealth of the nation, and the yield is still very great.

Mr. Stuart's library was long the best in Montana. He has been a constant student of books, nature, and events. He is fond of hunting, a good rifle-shot, and the very best type of a frontiersman. He served in the California Volunteers in the second Rogue River war of 1855, and scouted through the afterward famous lava beds of Klamath and Tule lakes, where General Canby afterward met his death at the hands of the Modoc Indians. He was appointed Captain in the Montana Volunteers in the Indian wars of 1867 and 1868, and has filled many other positions of honor and trust in the State he has done so much toward building up and bringing into the Union.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Not in vain did the late Mr. Childs distribute the evidences of his benevolence around England. The London *Athenæum*, in a most appreciative notice, speaks of him as "the most notable citizen of Philadelphia since Benjamin Franklin made that city his home." This seems at first sight to be rather an exaggerated estimate. There have been greater Philadelphians than Mr. Childs since Franklin's time; Dr. Rush for one; but a man may be great without being a notable citizen, and *vice versa*. A very notable citizen of Philadelphia Mr. Childs certainly was, and though it seems hardly considerate to invite comparisons between him and Franklin, the *Athenæum's* estimate is not so far out of the way but that it may make the Quaker City people a good topic for discussion.

The *Athenæum* especially admires Mr. Childs as a publisher. "Shrewd rather than scholarly," it calls him, and finds in his "keen sense of the market value of literature" the reasonable basis of his prosperity in business.

By the time these lines reach the eye of the indulgent reader the land may be up to its neck in March blizzards, but at this writing it is spring. The indications of bulbs are obtruding through the upper surface of the flower beds, the rivers are running full, robins have been advertised, and the liver of man has put "Back in ten minutes" on its office door and gone out without saying where. At such a time, when all thought of effort is unseemly and repulsive, there is relief and solace in remembering that this year there is no World's Fair in Chicago, that the burden of life may be borne a hundred dollars cheaper than last season, and that the week of our time which last year belonged to Chicago is to be ours again this coming summer, to do with or not to do with as we see fit. It should be no small consolation to a distressed people in a hard year to remember that the hundred million dollars that we carried last year to Chicago and left there will be ours this season to spend on ourselves.

A contemporary scientific magazine makes a point which should be brought to the attention of all writers of romance, when it reminds them that lovers never see the new moon rise as they sit out-of-doors of an evening. The full moon may rise for them or the new moon may set, but it is the new moon's invariable habit to rise early in the day, and get well over into the west by twilight. Lovers may be pardoned if their consciousness of the presence of the moon is sympathetic rather than scientific, but romance-writers are subject to more exacting standards of criticism, and should aspire to be astronomically correct.

The Hospital Book and Newspaper Society wants its friends in New York to put more newspapers into its boxes, and to send more books and magazines to its office. It particularly desires French and German books. It has 168 institutions on its list, and last year it sent them 6800 books, 20,500 magazines, and 62,000 other publications, besides delivering 144,000 daily newspapers to the big institutions on the islands. The society will be glad to receive money through its treasurer, Mrs. Fordham Morris, 45 East Thirtieth Street. It will receive books at its office in the United Charities Building, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street; and it has a dozen boxes for newspapers variously distributed in the railroad stations and ferry-houses about town, which it says are not so well patronized as it would have them.

It is a pity that the question of the official display of the green banner of Ireland on St. Patrick's day cannot be settled in some way that will take it out of politics and relieve the Mayors of cities from the obligation to pass upon it. Mayor Schieren, at this writing, has been requested to hoist the green flag on the 17th instant over the Brooklyn City Hall. He seems disposed to refuse the request, notwithstanding that it has been hinted by petitioners, in his presence, that Mayor Hewitt's refusal of a similar request in New York made a very bad impression on the minds of many voters in that city.

If the request is proper Mayor Schieren ought to grant it, and if it is not proper he ought to refuse it. But the determination of its propriety or impropriety should not continue to be a mere matter of personal taste. When a request is coupled with the suggestion of a loss of votes if it is not granted it ceases to be merely a request, and takes on too many of the characteristics of a threat. Its treatment then ceases to be a matter of courtesy and grows into the dimensions of a matter of principle, for the adjudication of which some sure rules should be laid down.

It is a mistake on the part of Irish Americans in Brooklyn, or any other American city, to drive a conscientious official into a corner where he has to choose between losing their favor and doing violence to his own self-respect. Such a course is neither patriotic nor wise. It stirs up bad blood, it puts good men in false positions, and no actual benefit ever comes of it. The question of the green flag is too petty a matter to be worth the trouble that it makes. It is a snag in the channel of municipal affairs and hinders navigation. It ought to be removed, even though it takes legislation to do it.

It appears that the organization of the Civil Service Reform Club of Harvard University is almost directly due to the influence of the civil service orations of Mr. George William Curtis. The collection of Mr. Curtis's addresses lately published by the Harpers was prepared in Cambridge last summer under the direction of Professor Norton, and the idea of the club originated in the mind of one of the gentlemen who had a hand in making the book. After several informal meetings of students a public meeting was held on February 20th at the Sanders Theatre, when addresses were made by Mr. Moorfield Storey and Mr. Richard H. Dana. The meeting being successful, the club was formed on the following evening. Its constitution provides for at least two public meetings a year. It is gratifying to have this assurance that Mr. Curtis's voice is still potent in promoting this political reform which he had so much at heart.

The Council of the Scientific Alliance of New York has determined to try to raise a fund of twenty-five thousand dollars in memory of the late Professor John Strong Newberry, the income of it to be expended under the direction of the Council in the promotion of original research in geology, paleontology, zoology, and botany. Subscriptions are now being received by Professor N. L. Britton, secretary of the Council, Columbia College.

There is entire propriety in the intention that the proposed State colony for epileptics in Livingston County in this State shall bear the name of the late Oscar Craig, of the State Board of Charities. Mr. Craig was greatly interested in the colony, and fully investigated and approved the plan now before the Legislature to buy the Sonyea property at Mount Morris for its use. Last year the Governor vetoed the bill to buy this property and start the colony, but in the recasting of the bill the chief objections he then made have been met, so that if the present bill is passed it is reasonable to expect that he will sign it. An additional inducement to that end appears in a reduction of ten thousand dollars in the price of the estate. So that the property which was considered cheap last year is a still better bargain now.

It was a gormandizer of ability and one with a sincere appreciation of his calling who laid aside his fork to write the London *Times's* recent tribute to roast mutton. It is an affecting tribute, long, eloquent, full of tenderness and pathos, the pathetic side relating chiefly to the extreme scarcity of the "grand old five-year-old mountain mutton, on which Englishmen were so long and so opulently nourished." Such mutton, this gormandizer says, is practically extinct. The contemporary article is an immature meat, hurried by avaricious farmers into the hands of slothful cooks. The black-faced Scottish sheep, who are best qualified to become true mutton, no longer have time "to absorb and tranquilly assimilate the mingled essences of mountain sward and rich pasture, the fragrance of countless herbs, and the breath of countless breezes." They are hustled to their doom nowadays unimbued with Burns's poetry, and inadequately ripened by the subtle alchemy of nature. When one reads to the length of a column of the joys and benefits which attend the consumption of mutton rightly reared and properly matured, he wonders that such food should ever be permitted to become scarce. The secret is doubtless betrayed in the very next article, which happens to be about the frozen-meat trade, and discloses that in 1893 London received from New Zealand and Australia 2,514,541 carcasses of frozen sheep and lambs, besides 1,373,723 from the river Plate, and 16,425 from the Falkland Islands. In the face of such immense masses of raw material there is nothing for culture to do but to hang its head and go and mope in a corner.

Professor J. Howard Van Amringe, who will succeed Professor Henry Drisler as Dean of the School of Arts of Columbia College, was graduated from Columbia in 1860, and has been closely connected with the college ever since. He was appointed tutor before he graduated, and devoted himself to mathematics, and has lately been at the head of that department both in the School of Arts and the School of Mines. His active interest in the college has never been bounded by the limits of his special department. While an undergraduate he was chosen to represent Columbia on the board which edited the quarterly published at that time by Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia. In 1872–3 he was chairman of the committee appointed by the faculty to supervise boating matters. He has always, too, been president of his own class, which includes some well-known New-Yorkers, among them Robert Goelet, Judge Cullen (of Brooklyn), Edgerton Winthrop, Dr. Haven Emerson, and A. Newbold Morris. As a writer he is known as a contributor to Johnson's Encyclopædia and to various magazines, and as the editor of a revised edition of *Davis's Course in Mathematics*.

Apropos of the success of Mr. E. H. Van Ingen in sundry libel suits, a good many people will laugh at the idea of the old "British gold" joke being taken seriously. Some of them will laugh on the right side of their mouths, but not all of them. Of course it is hard on these latter persons to have their venerable witticism taken seriously by the courts, but the practice of cracking jokes of that sort just before election, and with intent to change votes, has been somewhat too abundant these many years, and honest citizens would not feel any real grief if the cost of it became so great as to put it beyond the means of ordinary jokers.

The prize-winners at the exhibition of the Society of American Artists, as determined last week, were Charles A. Platt and Henry Oliver Walker. Mr. Platt took the annual Webb prize of three hundred dollars for the best landscape in the exhibition. His picture, called "Spring," represents a quiet New England hill-side and an effective sky. Mr. Platt will be remembered as the author of *Italian Gardens*, published not long since, with attractive illustrations, by the Harpers.

Mr. Walker's success cost him his picture, but he got in return the Shaw fund of fifteen hundred dollars, given for the purchase of the best figure composition in oil painted by an American artist. The picture was a decorative two-figure piece named "The Singers," and noted as agreeable in color, gracefully drawn, and thoroughly painted.

E. S. Martin.

THE CANADIAN CAPITAL.

BY E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

To the little world of Canadian officialism and society the opening of the session of the federal Parliament is the public function of the year. For at Ottawa there is a mimic court, and on occasions of state there can be no relaxation of the dignity that doth hedge the representative of a queen. And every constituency of every province of the Dominion and every Senatorial division is represented at the state functions at Ottawa, while for the social side of the opening ceremony, and for the various festivities that mark the course of the parliamentary session, M.P.'s and Senators, even from points as far distant as British Columbia on the one hand, and Prince Edward Island on the other, are usually accompanied by the ladies of their families.

The session which opens at Ottawa on Thursday the 15th instant is the fourth, and by many people supposed to be the last, of the Sixth Parliament of Canada. The natural life of the Canadian Parliament is five years, but its existence is terminated by a dissolution—not, of course, without the consent of the Governor-General—whenever the leader of the government believes it more advantageous to his interests to appeal at once to the country than to await the period when he will be compelled to do so.

No previous session of the Canadian Parliament was awaited with greater anxiety than is this of 1894, and it goes without saying that the Liberal opposition, under Mr. Laurier's direction, will utilize it to the utmost for the manufacture of political ammunition for the next electoral compaign. It will probably, too, be made memorable by a heavy onslaught upon the ministerial policy of protection, the opposition favoring very much closer commercial relations with the United States. The political complications arising from the establishment in Ontario of the Protestant Protective Association, regarded by the Roman Catholic majority of Quebec as an act of open defiance, and the refusal of the cabinet to force separate schools upon the province of Manitoba, will not only embitter parliamentary debate, but place another impediment in the way of assimilating the various races by which the Dominion of Canada is peopled.

The scene of the opening ceremony is the Senate-Chamber in the main building of the Houses of Parliament, shown in the accompanying illustrations. It is to the right of the principal entrance, the House of Commons occupying the other side. The dimensions of these halls are the same as those of the House of Lords, namely, eighty feet by forty-five. The Governor-General drives in state from his official residence, Rideau Hall, to Parliament House, on the afternoon of the opening. The Princess Louise Dragoon Guards form the escort for his Excellency, who is received at the main entrance of Parliament House with a royal salute from the Governor-General's Foot-Guards. Simultaneously with this salute and the playing of the National Anthem boom out the big guns of the saluting battery at Nepean Point.

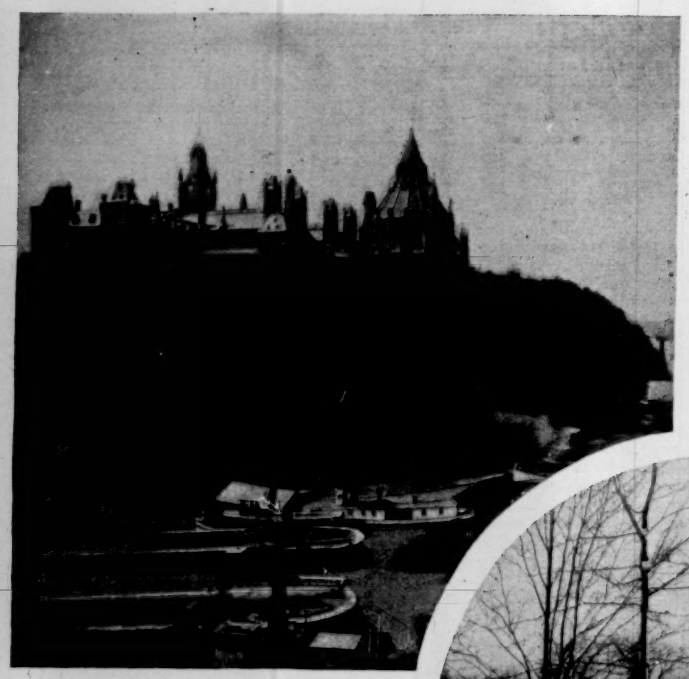
The Earl of Aberdeen is the first of Canada's Governors-General to drive here, as in England, with outriders. No previous Governor employed anything like the state by which he is surrounded. Contributory to the magnificence of the scene in the Senate-Chamber on Thursday will be the gorgeous costumes of members of his Excellency's staff, the scarlet and gold of an imposing military body-guard round about the throne, the scarlet gowns of the Supreme Court judges, the varied and brilliant toilets of the ladies, and the rich Windsor uniforms of the cabinet ministers. The last range themselves on either side of the throne. In the place of the late Sir John A. Macdonald and of his sometime successful rival, Alexander Mackenzie, who from being a stone-mason rose to be Premier of Canada, stands Sir John S. Thompson—the first Roman Catholic Prime Minister of the Dominion. Sir John was originally a Methodist. Amongst his colleagues are seen ex-Lieutenant-Governor Angers of Quebec, the man who dismissed Premier Mercier from office; Finance-Minister Foster, formerly a schoolmaster; Sir A. P. Caron, who obtained his spurs and title by his zeal as Minister of Militia in planning the quelling of the Riel rebellion; Sir C. H. Tupper, who is credited with sharing with the Premier the brains of the cabinet; Messrs. Costigan and Curran, two zealous leaders of the Irish cause; and Messrs. Bowell and Wallace, two Past Grand Masters of Canadian Orangemen. Presently the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod is despatched to summon her Majesty's loyal Commoners to the viceregal presence. He gives three distinct knocks upon their tiled door. The Sergeant-at-Arms ascertains the cause of the alarm, and informs the Speaker that he who seeks admission bears a message from the Governor-General. He is at once admitted in due form, and advances to the centre of the Chamber, thrice halting and bowing. Having delivered his message he retires as he entered, and the members, headed by their Speaker, who is preceded by the Sergeant-at-Arms bearing the mace, troop into the Senate-Chamber. There they listen to the words placed in the mouth of the Governor-General by his constitutional advisers, foreshadowing the ministerial measures of the session.

On account of the death of Lord Tweedmouth, Lady Aberdeen's father, on March 3d, and the necessary six weeks' term of court mourning, the state dinner which was to have been held on the night of the opening of Parliament at Government House has been postponed until April 26th, and the drawing-room which was announced to take place on the 17th inst. in the Senate-Chamber will not be given until April 28th.

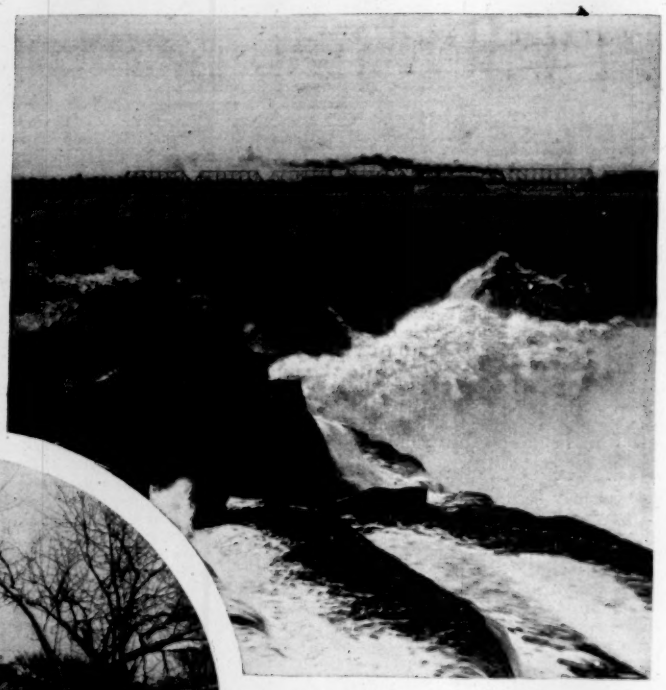
Rideau Hall, the viceregal residence, situated at New Edinburgh, two miles from the city, has been aptly termed "a piecemeal agglomeration of incongruous brick, plaster, and stone." Though unpretentious, it is most comfortable within, and situated in a delightfully varied area of grass, garden, and forest, comprising nearly ninety acres of land. Besides the never-ending round of balls, dinners, and general entertaining for which Government House is famous, there is a wide range of out-door fun, especially in winter, when skating, curling, and, above all, tobogganing, give quite a carnival appearance to the magnificent viceregal slides and rinks.

One of the principal natural attractions in the vicinity of Ottawa is the Chaudière Falls, of which the principal cataract is nearly 50 feet high and 240 feet wide. A considerable portion of the waters escape subterraneously after their precipitation. A light suspension-bridge has been thrown over the falls, connecting the city of Ottawa with the town of Hull, and marvellous slides have been constructed for the descent of the timber that is hewn upon the banks of the upper Ottawa and its tributary waters. One of the correct things for visitors to Ottawa in the summer season to do is to run these slides upon a crib of timber, and considering the velocity of the descent and the ever-present element of danger, the venture constitutes an exceedingly thrilling and sensational experience.

Founded by Colonel By in 1827, and thereafter called Bytown, and sometimes, by disdainful rivals, "Slab City," from its then almost entire dependence upon the lumber trade, Ottawa was selected for the capital of United Canada by Queen Victoria in 1858. It has not only within the last few decades become the heart of the national life and aspirations, it is also forging rapidly to the front as the real centre of Canadian thought, and of her literary and scientific activity. With its population of 35,000 souls, it claims amongst its resident citizens no fewer than one-fourth of the entire membership of the Royal Society of Canada, included amongst whom are Dr. Bourinot, C.M.G., Clerk of the House of Commons, and one of the foremost living authorities on constitutional law; Dr. Kingsford, the most thorough of Canadian historians; Dr. Brymmer, Dominion archivist; Sir J. A. Grant, K.C.M.G.; Dr. G. M. Dawson, the Canadian authority on seal life; Dr. Selwyn, C.M.G., director of the Geological Survey, and several of his assistants; Mgr. Tanguay, and Messrs. Suite and De Celles, distinguished in French-Canadian authorship, and others prominent in literature or science; while outside its membership are numbers of almost equal note, such as Mr. Martin Griffin, chief librarian of Parliament, Mr. J. G. Aylwin Creighton, and Mr. A. Lampman.

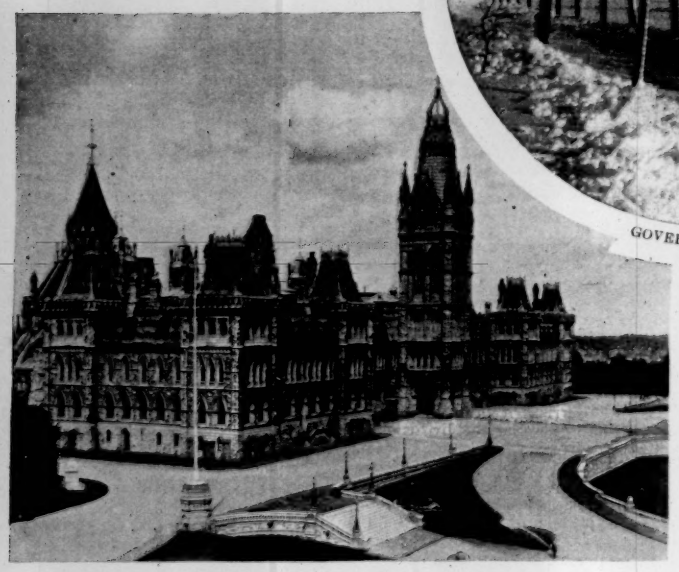


THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT,
From Major's Hill Park.

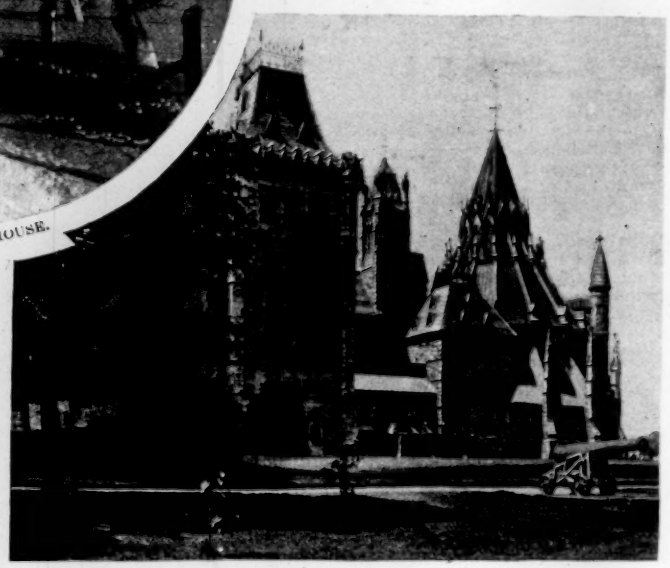


THE FALLS OF THE CHAUDIÈRE,
In the Ottawa River.

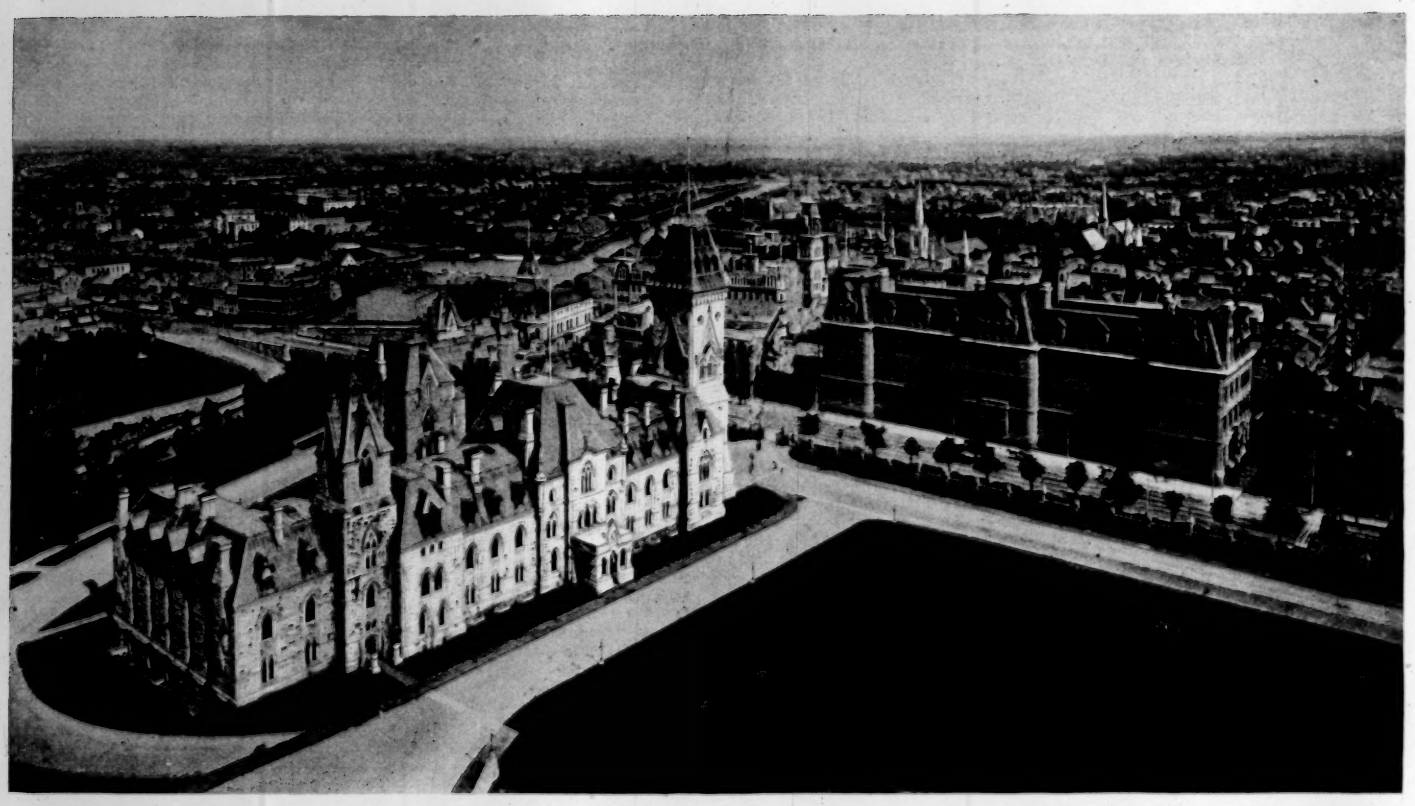
GOVERNMENT HOUSE.



THE CANADIAN HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.



LIBRARY OF THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.



VIEW OF OTTAWA FROM THE MAIN TOWER OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

OTTAWA AND THE CANADIAN HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—From Photographs by Topley.—[See Page 247.]

"THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST."

From the Painting by Frank Vincent Du Mond, in the Exhibition of the Society of American Artists.—[See Page 258.]

PEMBROKE.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

AUTHOR OF "JANE FIELD," "A HUMBLE ROMANCE, AND OTHER STORIES," "A NEW ENGLAND NUN, AND OTHER STORIES," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

BARNEY went to see Rebecca the next day, but the minister's wife came to the door and would not admit him. She puckered her lips painfully, and a blush shot over her face and little thin throat as she stood there before him. "I guess you had better not come in," said she, nervously. "I guess you had better wait until Mrs. Berry gets settled in her house. Mr. Berry is going to hire the old Bennett place. I guess it would be pleasanter."

Barney turned away, blushing also, as he stammered an assent. Always keenly alive to the shame of the matter, it seemed as if his sense of it were for the moment intensified. The minister's wife's whole nature seemed turned into a broadside of mirrors toward Rebecca's shame and misery, and it was as if the reflection was multiplied in Barney as he looked at her.

Still he could not take the shame to his own nature as she could, being a woman. He looked back furtively at the house as he went down the road, thinking he might catch a glimpse of poor Rebecca at the window.

But Rebecca kept herself well hid. After William had hired the old Bennett house and established her there she lived with curtains down and doors bolted. Never a neighbor saw her face at door or window, although all the women who lived near did their house-work with eyes that way. She would not go to the door if anybody knocked. The caller would hear her scurrying away. Nobody could gain admittance if William were not at home.

Barney went to the door once, and her voice sounded unexpectedly loud and piteously shrill in response to his knock.

"You can't come in! go away!" cried Rebecca.

"I don't want to say anything hard to you," said Barney.

"Go away, go away!" repeated Rebecca, and then he heard her sob.

"Don't cry," pleaded Barney, futilely, through the door. But he heard his sister's retreating steps and her sobs dying away in the distance. He went away, and did not try to see her again.

Rose went to see Rebecca, stealing out of a back door and scudding across snowy fields lest her mother should espy her and stop her. But Rebecca had not come to the door, although Rose had stood there a long time in a bitter wind.

"She wouldn't let me in," she whispered to her brother in the store when she returned. She was friendly to him in a shamefaced, evasive sort of way, and she alone of his family. His father and mother scarcely noticed him.

"Much as ever as she'll let me in, poor girl," responded William, looking miserably aside from his sister's eyes and weighing out some meal.

"She wouldn't let mother in if she went there," said Rose. She felt a little piqued at Rebecca's refusing her admittance. It was as if all her pity and generous sympathy had been thrust back upon her and her pride in it swamped.

"There's no danger of her going there," William returned, bitterly.

And there was not. Hannah Berry would have set herself up in a pillory as soon as she would have visited her son's wife. She scarcely went into a neighbor's, lest she should hear some allusion to it.

Rebecca's father often walked past her house with furtive, wistful eyes toward the windows. Once or twice, when nobody was looking, he knocked timidly, but he never got any response. He always took a circuitous route home, that his wife might not know where he had been. Deborah never spoke of Rebecca; neither Caleb nor Ephraim dared mention her name in her hearing.

Although Deborah never asked a question, and although people were shy of alluding to Rebecca, she yet seemed to know in some occult and instinctive fashion all about her.

When a funeral procession passed the Thayer house one afternoon, Deborah knew quite well whose little coffin was in the hearse, although she could scarcely have said that anybody had told her.

Caleb came to her after dinner with a strange defiant air. "I want a clean dicky, mother; I'm a-goin'," said he. And Deborah got out the old man's Sunday clothes for him without a word. She even brushed his hair with hard, careful strokes, and helped him on with his great-coat; but she never said a word about Rebecca and her baby's funeral.

"They had some white posies on it," Caleb volunteered, tremblingly, when he got home.

Deborah made no reply.

"There was quite a lot there," added Caleb.

"Go an' bring me in some kindlin'-wood," said Deborah.

Ephraim stood by, staring alternately at his father and mother. He had watched the funeral procession pass with furtive interest.

"It won't hurt you none to make a few lamp-lighters," said his mother. "You set right down here, an' I'll get you some paper."

Ephraim clapped his hand to his side and rolled his eyes agonizingly towards his mother, but she took no notice. She got some paper out of the cupboard, and Ephraim sat down and began quirling the paper into long spirals with a wretched sulky air.

Since his sister's marriage Ephraim had had a sterner experience than had ever fallen to his lot before. His mother redoubled her discipline over him. It was as if she had resolved, since all her vigorous training had failed in the case of his sister, that she would intensify it to such purpose that it should not fail with him.

So straight and narrow was the path in which Ephraim was forced to tread those wintry days, so bound and fettered was he by precept and admonition, that it seemed as if his very soul could do no more than shuffle along where his mother pointed.

A scanty and simple diet had Ephraim, and it seemed to him not so much from a solicitude for his health as from a desire to mortify his flesh for the good of his spirit. Ephraim obeyed perforce; he was sincerely afraid of his mother, but he had within him a dogged and growing resentment against those attempts to improve his spirit.

Not a bit of cake was he allowed to taste. When the door of a certain closet in which pound-cake for possible guests was always kept in a jar, and had been ever since Ephraim could remember, was opened, the boy's eyes would fairly glare with desire. "Jest gimme a little scrap, mother," he would whine. He had formerly, on rare occasions, been allowed a small modicum of cake, but now his mother was unyielding. He got not a crumb; he could only sniff hungrily at the rich spicy and fruity aroma which came forth from the closet, and swallow at it vainly and unsatisfactorily with straining palate.

Ephraim was not allowed a soft stoned plum from a piece of mince pie; the pie had always been tabooed. He was not even allowed to pick over the plums for the pies, unless under the steady watch of his mother's eyes. Once she seemed to see him approach a plum to his mouth when her back was toward him.

"What are you doing, Ephraim?" she said, and her voice sounded to the boy like one from the Old Testament. He put the plum promptly into the bowl instead of his mouth.

"I ain't doin' nothin', mother," said he; but his eyes rolled alarmedly after his mother as she went across the kitchen. That frightened Ephraim. He was a practical boy, and not easily imposed upon, but it really seemed to him that his mother had seen him after some occult and uncanny fashion from the back of her head. A vague and preposterous fancy actually passed through his bewildered boyish brain that the little tightly twisted knob of hair on the back of a feminine head might have some strange visual power of its own. He never dared taste another plum, even if the knob of hair directly faced him.

Every day Ephraim had a double task to learn in his catechism, for Deborah held that no labor, however arduous, which savored of the Word and the spirit, could work him bodily ill. If Ephraim had been enterprising and daring enough, he would have fairly cursed the Westminster divines as he sat hour after hour crooking his boyish back painfully over their consolidated wisdom, driving the letter of their dogmas into his boyish brain, while the sense of them utterly escaped him.

There was one whole day during which Ephraim labored, laboriously conning over the majestic sentences in loud whispers, and received thereby only a vague impression and maudlin hope that he himself might be one of the elect of which they treated, because he was so strenuously deprived of plums in this life, and might therefore reasonably expect his share of them in the life to come.

That day poor Ephraim, glancing betweenwhiles at some boys out coasting over in a field down a fine icy slope, hearing now and then their shouts of glee, had a certain sense of superiority and complacency along with the piteous and wistful longing which always abode in his heart.

"Maybe," thought Ephraim, half unconsciously, not framing the thought in words to his mind—"maybe if I am a good boy, and don't have any plums, nor go out coasting like them, I shall go to heaven, and maybe they won't." Ephraim's poor purple face at the window-pane took on a strange serious expression as he evolved his childish tenet of theology.

His mother came in from another room. "Have you got that learned?" said she, and Ephraim bent over his task again.

Ephraim had not been quite as well as usual this winter, and his mother had been more than usually anxious about him. She called the doctor in finally, and followed him out into the cold entry when he left. "He's worse than he has been, ain't he?" she said, abruptly.

The doctor hesitated. He was an old man with a moderate manner. He buttoned his old great-coat, redolent of drugs, closer; his breath steamed out in the frosty entry. "I guess you had better be a little careful about getting him excited," he said, at last, evasively. "You had better get along as easy as you can with him." The doctor's manner implied more than his words; he had his own opinion of Deborah Thayer's sternness of rule, and he had sympathy with Rebecca.

Deborah seemed to have an intuition of it, for she looked at him and raised her voice after a manner which would have become the Deborah of the Scriptures.

"What would you have me do?" she demanded. "Would you have me let him have his own way if it were for the injury of his soul?" It was curious that Deborah, as she spoke, seemed to look only at the spiritual side of the aspect. The idea that her discipline was actually necessary for her son's bodily weal did not occur to her, and she did not urge it as an argument.

"I guess you had better be a little careful and get along as easy as you can," repeated the doctor, opening the door.

"That ain't all that's to be thought of," said Deborah, with stern and tragic emphasis, as the doctor went out.

"What did the doctor say, mother?" Ephraim inquired when she went into the room again. He looked half scared, half important, as he sat in the great rocking-chair by the fire. He breathed short, and his words were disconnected as he spoke.

His mother, for answer, took the catechism from the shelf and extended it toward him with a decisive thrust of her arm. "It is time you studied some more," said she.

Ephraim jerked himself away from the proffered book. "I don't want to study any more now, mother," he whined.

"Take it," said Deborah.

Caleb was paring apples for pies on the other side of the hearth. Ephraim looked across at him desperately. "I want to play holly-gull with father," he said.

"Ephraim!"

"Can't I play holly-gull with father jest a little while?"

"You take this book and study your lesson," said Deborah between nearly closed lips.

Ephraim began to weep. He took the book with a vicious snatch and an angry sob. "Won't never let me do anythin' I want to," he cried, convulsively.

"Not another word," said Deborah.

Ephraim bent over his catechism with half-suppressed sobs. He dared not weep aloud. Deborah went into the pantry with the medicine bottle which the doctor had left. She wanted a spoon. Caleb caught hold of her dress as she was passing him.

"What is it?" said she.

"Look here, jest a minute, mother."

"I can't stop, father. Ephraim has got to have his medicine."

"Jest look here a minute, mother."

Deborah bent her head impatiently, and Caleb whispered.

"No, he can't. I told him he couldn't," she said, aloud, and passed on into the pantry.

Caleb looked over at Ephraim with piteous and helpless sympathy. "Never you mind, sonny," he said, cautiously.

"She—makes—" began Ephraim, with a responsive plaint; but his mother came out of the pantry, and he stopped short. Caleb dropped a pared apple noisily into the pan.

"You'll dent that pan, father, if you fling the apples in that way," said Deborah. She had a thick silver spoon, and she measured out a dose of the medicine for Ephraim. She approached him, extending the spoon carefully. "Open your mouth," commanded she.

"Oh, mother, I don't want to take it!"

"Open your mouth!"

"Oh, mother—I don't—want to—ta-ke it!"

"Now, sonny, I wouldn't mind takin' of it. It's real good medicine that the doctor left you, an' father's payin' consid'able for it. The doctor thinks it's goin' to make you well," said Caleb, who was looking on anxiously.

"Open your mouth and *take* it!" said Deborah, sternly. She presented the spoon at Ephraim as if it were a bayonet and there were death at the point.

"Oh, mother!" whimpered Ephraim.

"Mebbe mother will let you have a little taste of lasses arter it, if you take it real good," ventured Caleb.

"No, he won't have any larses after it," said Deborah. "I'm a-tendin' to him, father. Now, Ephraim, you take this medicine this minute, or I shall give you somethin' worse than medicine. Open your mouth!" And Ephraim opened his mouth as if his mother's will were a veritable wedge between his teeth, swallowed the medicine with a miserable gulp, and made a grotesque face of wrath and disgust. Caleb, watching, swallowed and grimaced at the same instant that his son did. There were tears in his old eyes as he took up another apple to pare.

Deborah set the bottle on the shelf, and laid the spoon beside it. "You've got to take this every hour for a spell," said she, "an' I ain't goin' to have any such work, if you be sick, you can make up your mind to it."

And make up his mind to his unwelcome dose Ephraim did. Once an hour his mother stood over him with the spoon, and the fierce odor of the medicine came in his nostrils; he screwed his eyes tight, opened his mouth, and swallowed without a word. There were limits to his mother's patience which Ephraim dared not pass. He had only vague ideas of what might happen if he did, but he preferred to be on the safe side. So he took the medicine, and did not lift up his voice against it, although he had his thoughts.

It did seem as if the medicine benefited him. He breathed more easily after a while, and his color was more natural. Deborah felt encouraged; she even went down upon her stiff knees after her family were in bed, and thanked the Lord from the depths of her sorely chastened but proud heart. She did not foresee what was to come of it. For that very night Ephraim, induced thereto by the salutary effect of the medicine, which removed somewhat the restriction of his laboring heart upon his boyish spirits, perpetrated the crowning act of revolt and rebellion of his short life.

The moon was bright that night. The snow was frozen hard. The long hills where the boys coasted looked like slopes of silver. Ephraim had to go to bed at eight. He lay well propped up on pillows in his little bedroom, and he could hear the shouts of the coasting boys. Now that he could breathe more easily, the superiority of his enforced deprivation of such joys no longer comforted him as much as it had done. His curtain was up, and the moonlight lay on his bed. The mystic influence of that strange white orb, which moves the soul of the lover to dreams of love and yearnings after it, which saddens with sweet wounds the soul who has lost it forever, which increases the terrible freedom of the maniac, and perhaps moves the tides, apparently increased the longing in the heart of one poor boy for all the innocent hilarity of his youth which he had missed.

Ephraim lay there in the moonlight, and longed as he had never longed before to go forth and run and play and halloo, to career down those wonderful shining slants of snow, to be free and equal with those other boys, whose hearts told of their healthy lives after the Creator's plan.

The clock in the kitchen struck nine, then ten. Caleb and Deborah went to bed, and Ephraim could hear his father's snores and his mother's heavy breathing from a distant room. Ephraim could not go to sleep. He lay there and longed for the frosty night air, the sled, and the swift flight down the white hill as never lover longed for his mistress.

At half past ten o'clock Ephraim rose up. He dressed himself in the moonlight, all except his shoes. These he carried in his hand, and stole out in his stocking-feet to the entryway, where his warm coat and cap, which he so seldom wore, hung. Ephraim pulled the cap over his ears, put on the coat, cautiously unbolted the outer door, and stepped forth like a captive from prison.

He sat down on the door-step and put on his shoes, tying them with trembling, fumbling fingers. He expected every minute to hear his mother's voice. Then he ran down the yard to the wood-shed. It was so intensely cold that the snow did not yield to his tread, but gave out quick sibilant sounds. It seemed to him like a whispering multitude called up by his footsteps, and as if his mother must hear.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1933.

"A BOYISH FIGURE FLED SWIFTLY OUT OF THE THAYER YARD."

He knew where Barney's old sled hung in the wood-shed, and the wood-shed door was unlocked.

Presently a boyish figure fled swiftly out of the Thayer yard with a bobbing sled in his wake. He expected every minute to hear a door or a window open, but he cleared the yard and dashed up the road, and nobody arrested him.

Ephraim knew well the way to the coasting hill which was considered the best in the village, although he had never coasted there himself, except twice or thrice surreptitiously on another boy's sled, and not once this winter. He heard no more shouts; the frosty air was very still. He thought to himself that the other boys had gone home; but he did not care.

However, when he reached the top of the hill, there was another boy with his sled. He had been all ready to coast down, but had seen Ephraim coming, and waited.

"Hullo!" he called.

"Hullo!" returned Ephraim, panting.

Then the boy stared. "It ain't you, Ephraim Thayer?" he demanded.

"Why ain't it me?" returned Ephraim, with a manful air, swaggering back his shoulders at the other boy, who was Ezra Ray.

"Why, I didn't know your mother ever let you out," said Ezra, in a bewildered fashion. In fact, the vision of Ephraim Thayer out with a sled, coasting, at eleven o'clock at night was startling. Ezra remembered dazedly how he had heard his mother say that very afternoon that Ephraim was worse, that the doctor had been there last Saturday, and she didn't believe he would live long. He looked at Ephraim standing there in the moonlight almost as if he were a spirit.

"She 'ain't let me for some time; I've been sick," admitted Ephraim, yet with defiance.

"I heard you was awful sick," said Ezra.

"I was, but the doctor give me some medicine that cured me."

Ephraim placed his sled in position, and got on stiffly. The other boy still watched. "She know you're out to-night?" he inquired, abruptly.

Ephraim looked up at him. "S'pose you think you'll go an' tell her if she don't," said he.

"No, I won't; honest."

"Hope to die if you do?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I run out of the side door."

"Both on 'em asleep?"

Ephraim nodded.

Ezra Ray whistled. "You'll get a whippin' when your mother finds it out."

"No, I sha'n't. Mother can't whip me, because the doctor says it ain't good for me. You goin' down?"

"Can't go down but once. I've got to go home, or mother 'll give it to me."

"Does she ever whip you?"

"Sometimes."

"Mine don't," said Ephraim; and he felt a superiority over Ezra Ray. He thought, too, that his sled was a better one. It was not painted, nor was it as new as Ezra's, but it had a reputation. Barney had won many coasting laurels with it in his boyhood, and his little brother, who had never used it himself, had always looked upon it with unbounded faith and admiration.

He gathered up his sled rope, spurred himself into a start with his heels, and went swiftly down the long hill, gathering speed as he went. Poor Ephraim had an instinct for steering; he did not swerve from the track. The frosty wind smote his face, his breath nearly failed him, but half-way down he gave a triumphant whoop. When he reached the foot of the hill he had barely wind enough to get off his sled and drag it to one side, for Ezra Ray was coming down.

Ezra did not slide as far as Ephraim had done. Ephraim watched anxiously lest he should. "That sled of yours ain't no good," he panted, when Ezra had stopped several yards from where he stood.

"Guess it ain't quite so fast as yours," admitted Ezra. "That's your brother's, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, that sled can't be beat in town. Mine's 'bout as good as any, 'cept that. I've always heard my brother say that your brother's sled was the best one he ever see."

Ephraim stood looking at his brother's old battered but distinguished sled as if it had been a blood-horse.

"Guess it can't be beat," he chuckled.

"No, sir, it can't," said Ezra. He started off past Ephraim down the road, with his sled trailing at his heels.

"Hullo!" called Ephraim. "Ain't you goin' up again?"

"Can't. Got to go home."

"Le's try it jest once more, an' see if you can't go further."

"No, I can't, nohow. Mother won't like it as 'tis."

"Whip you?"

"Spect so. Don't mind it if she does." Ezra brought a great show of courage to balance the other's immunity from danger. "Don't mind nothin' 'bout a little whippin'," he added, with a brave and contemptuous air. He whistled as he went on.

Ephraim stood watching him. He had enough brave blood in his veins to feel that this contempt of a whipping was a greater thing than not being whipped. He felt an envious admiration of Ezra Ray, but that did not prevent his calling after him:

"Ezra!"

"What say?"

"You ain't goin' to tell my mother?"

"Didn't I say I wasn't? I don't tell fibs. Hope to die if I do."

Ezra's brave whistle, as cheerfully defiant of his mother's prospective wrath as the note of a bugler advancing to the charge, died away in the distance. For Ephraim now began the one unrestrained hilarity of his whole life. All by himself, in the white moonlight and the keen night air, he climbed the long hill and slid down over and over. He ignored his feeble and laboring breath of life. He trod upon, he outspeeded, all infirmities of the flesh in his wild triumph of the spirit. He shouted and hallooed as he shot down the hill. His mother could not have recognized his voice had she heard it, for it was the first time that the boy had ever given full cry to the natural voice of youth and his heart. A few stolen races, and sorties up apple-trees, a few stolen slides, had poor Ephraim Thayer had; they had been snatched in odd minutes at the imminent danger of discovery; but now he had the wide night before him; he had broken over all his trammels, and he was free.

Up and down the hill went Ephraim Thayer, having the one play-time of his life, speeding on his brother's famous sled against bondage and deprivation and death. It was after midnight when he went home; all the village lights were out; the white road stretched before him as still and deserted as a road through solitude itself. Ephraim had never been out-of-doors so late before; he had never been so alone in his life; but he was not afraid. He was not afraid of anything in the lonely night, and he was not afraid of his mother at home. He thought to himself exultantly that Ezra Ray had been no more courageous than he, although, to be sure, he had not a whipping to fear, like Ezra. His heart was full of joyful triumph that was not wholly guilty, since it was the outcome of the innocent desire.

As he walked along he tipped up his face and stared with his stupid boyish eyes at the stars paling in the full moonlight, and the great moon herself overriding the clouds and the stars. It made him think of the catechism and the commandments, and then a little pang of terror shot through him; but even that did not daunt him. He did not look up at the stars again, but bent his head and trudged on, with the sled rope pulling at his weak chest.

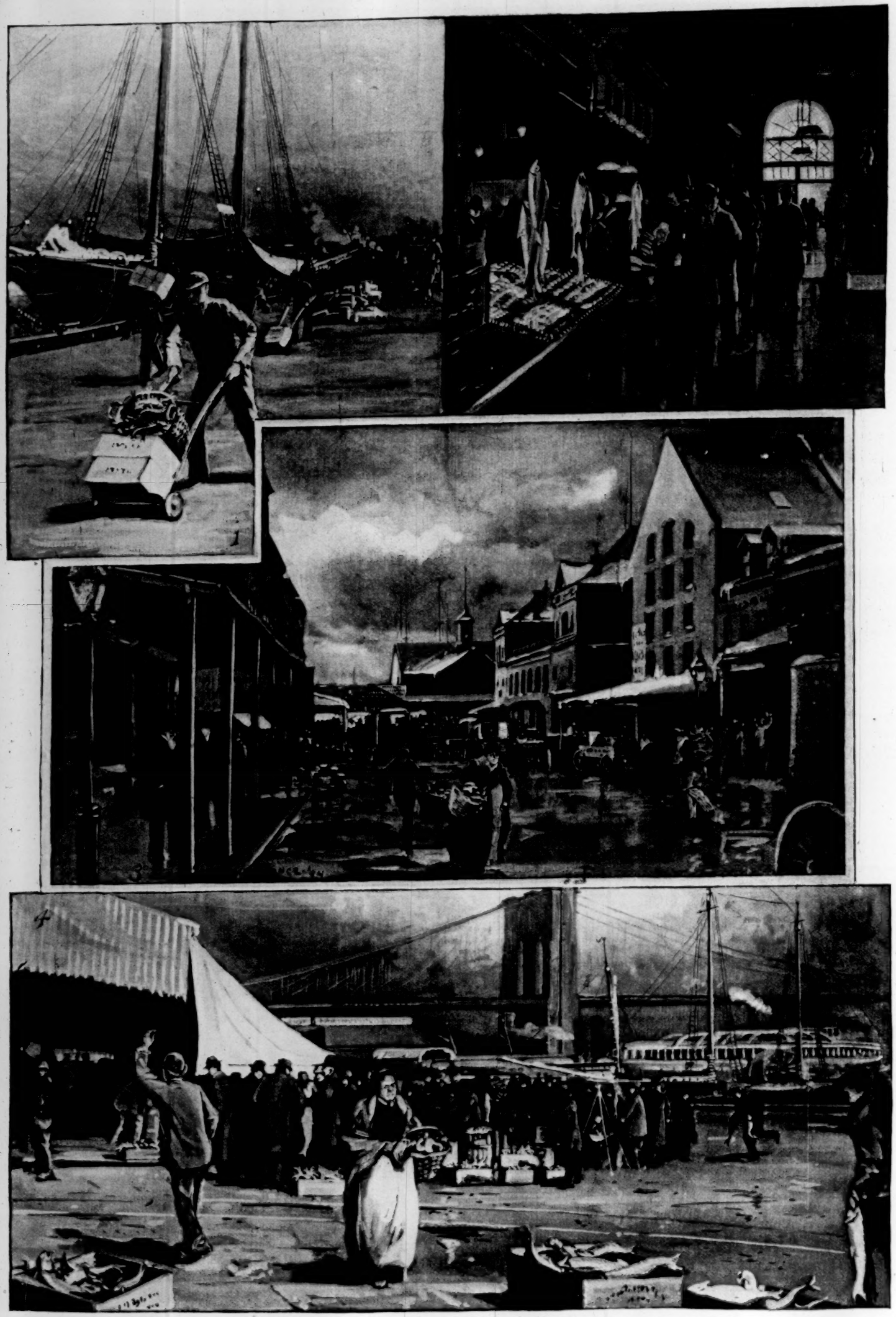
When he reached his own yard he stepped as carefully as he could, still he was not afraid. He put the sled back in the shed; then he stole into the house. He took off his shoes in the entry, and got safely into his own room. He was in his night-gown, and all ready for bed, when another daring thought struck him.

Ephraim padded softly on his bare feet out through the kitchen to the pantry. Every third step or so he stopped and listened to the heavy double breathing from the bedroom beyond. So long as that continued he was safe. He listened, and then slid on a pace or two, as noiseless as a shadow in the moonlight.

Ephraim knew well where the mince pies were kept. There was a long row of them covered with towels on the shelf. Ephraim hoisted himself painfully upon a meal-bucket and clawed a pie over the edge of the shelf. He could scarcely reach, and there was quite a loud grating noise. He stood trembling on the bucket and listened, but the double breathing continued. Deborah had been unusually tired that night; she had gone to bed earlier and slept more soundly. Ephraim broke a great jagged half from the mince pie; then replaced it, with another grating slide. Again he listened, but his mother had not been awakened.

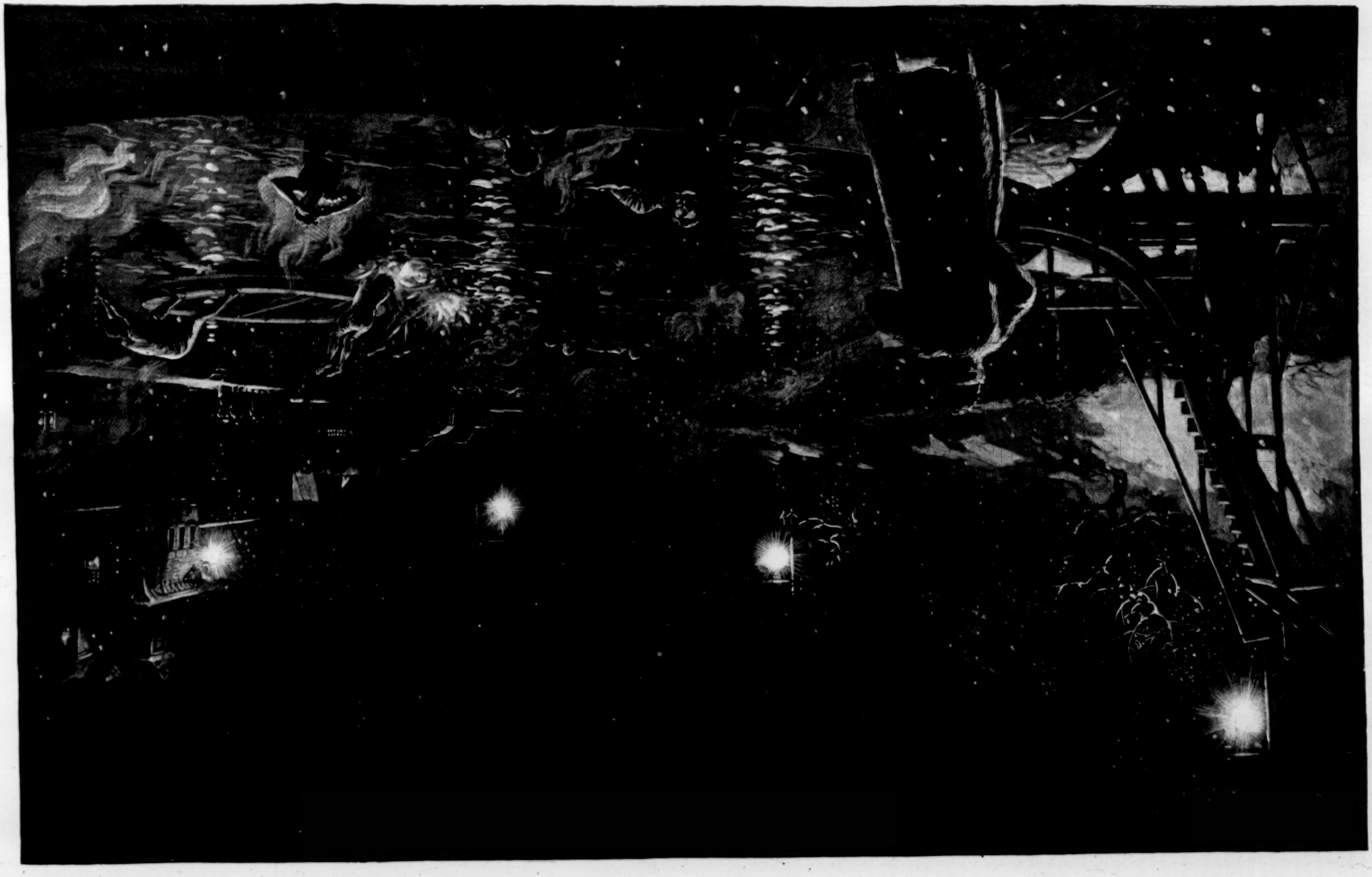
Ephraim crept back to his bedroom. Then he sat on the edge of the bed and devoured his pie. The rich spicy compound and the fat plums melted on his tongue, and the savor thereof delighted his very soul. Then Ephraim got into bed and pulled the quilts over him. For the first and only occasion in his life he had had a good time.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



NEW YORK'S FISH MARKET IN LENT.—Drawn by W. H. Lawrence.—[See Page 254.]

1. Unloading Herring-Schooners. 2. Interior of Fulton Market, showing Fish-Stands. 3. Marketing in the early Morning. 4. Curb-stone Dealers.



OPEN-AIR BATHING IN MIDWINTER AT GLENWOOD SPRINGS, COLORADO.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[See Page 254.]

A PUBLIC FOREST PARK.

"THE reproduction of our woods is an object of primary importance," wrote De Witt Clinton in his annual message of 1828. For two centuries unheeded the keen axe of the pioneer and lumberer arose and fell in the forests of North America, its ringing blows heralding space for an expanding republic and wealth for an increasing nation. Another half-century and the axe swung unchallenged. The rejoicings of many generations at the fall of each tree had become hereditary traditions slow to admit of the proposition that the proportions of forest and cleared areas were assuming relative positions demanding the regulation of woodland destruction. The insuring of future timber supplies, the maintenance of valuable water-sheds, the continuing of sanitary and climatic conditions, the existence of large game —all dependents of an extensive forest area—passed in this half-century from questions of the future to those of the present.

In 1872 the Legislature of New York recognized the importance of the subject, and appointed a commission to inquire into the expediency of a State park in the Adirondack wilderness, then almost unbroken and unscarred in its primeval value, the last great forest of the State. It was expedient, the commission reported, for the State to hold its Adirondack lands for future forest management; but the self-interest of the lumbermen was stronger than public sentiment on forest preservation, and, in face of the report, more public woodlands were sold. The axe, challenged, had been warned, and, it may be seen, swung more rapidly in the forests, as the records of the "Big Boom" on the upper Hudson reveals 8,361,000 "market" logs received between 1872 and 1883, or a number equal to the total received in the previous twenty-one years. The advocates of the forests likewise worked actively, and supported by a stronger public opinion, secured the act of 1883. This act, and a supplement of 1885—the two should be treated as one—prohibited the sale of public lands in the counties of Clinton, Essex, Franklin, Fulton, Greene, Hamilton, Herkimer, Lewis, Saratoga, St. Lawrence, Sullivan, Ulster, Washington, and Warren, and declaring the public lands in the above-mentioned counties to be a "forest preserve," appointed three commissioners to have care and control of these "wild forest lands"—an inauguration of State control in this country of its forest domain *pro bono publico*.

The Adirondacks cover a circular territory of some 4,000,000 acres, about one-half of which is yet a primeval forest, and the remainder lumbered of its pine, spruce, and hemlock. Within this territory lie about 800,000 acres of public lands, unfortunately not contiguous, but scattered in plots ranging from a few to many thousand acres. These plots are in many instances entirely surrounded by lands of private owners, and the laws above enacted were ineffectual, as in these private forests the cutting went on with a near prospect of the various State plots becoming forest oases. The commissioners in 1887, to meet this danger, were authorized to exchange far outlying plots for acreage in the threatening gaps, and in 1890 this exchanging power was supplemented by an appropriation of $25,000 for purchasing land at a price not exceeding $1 50 per acre for this purpose of consolidation. The inactivity, however, of the commissioners, under these inadequate acts, practically presents the forest preserve as unconnected to-day as in 1885.

The value of the forest product, above 700,000,000 annually, is exceeded only by that of manufacture and agriculture. The preservation of this product is commercial, not sentimental. Hitherto capital and income have been drawn upon, and the former is now dangerously impaired. At the present rate and wasteful manner of cutting, fifty years is a fair estimate for the merchantable forests to last. All authorities agree that the forests preserve the water-sheds. The soft porous cushion beneath one's feet in the primeval forest, composed of interlacing roots, mosses, leaves, and decaying vegetation of years, is Nature's storage reservoir for slowly distributing the rains and melting snows to spring and rivulet. Expose this covering to the sun and wind and it is destroyed. The falling rains and melting snows rush quickly to the streams, which become turbulent torrents, dwindling to useless brooks a few days later. A concomitant of increased canal facilities, now earnestly advocated in New York, must be the preserving of the great water-sheds. Already new reservoirs are required to meet the diminishing flow of water from the feeders, which, when constructed, were more than ample to supply the canals of the State.

Last winter a new forest commission was created, and the legislation in reference to the subject revised. Briefly, in new purport, authority was given to sell timber on the State lands exceeding twelve inches in diameter on the stump; to purchase lands subject to private leases or rights to still cut soft timber above twelve inches for a period not exceeding ten years; and defining the "Adirondack Park" as "forever reserved, maintained, and cared for as ground open for the free use of all the people for their health and pleasure, and as forest lands necessary to the preservation of the headwaters of the chief rivers of the State, and as a future timber supply." The commissioners now seek $3,000,000 of four-per-cent. bonds to purchase land for a State park of 2,807,760 acres, of which 575,483 acres are primeval forests, and 1,027,955 acres of lumbered land, the remainder being denuded, waste, water, and improved areas. The extent of the "park" is nearly that of the present Adirondack wilderness. Within the proposed limits lie 551,093 acres of present State lands; the private game preserves, whose interests are forest preservation, hold 565,000 acres, thus leaving 677,955 acres of lumbered land and 522,045 acres of primeval growth to be acquired, at an estimated cost of some $3,000,000. The question, then, of to-day: Shall the State of New York secure these forests of inestimable value by assuming the obligation of the $3,000,000 four-per-cent. bonds, or permit a further dangerous delay?

Skilled forestry produces, not destroys, the trees. It draws an income from the forest, and yet preserves that intactness which secures the incidental valuable benefits. The public forests of Germany, France, Austria, Italy, Russia, and Switzerland under trained foresters yield profits of from one to two dollars per acre. The present report of our commissioners, in one year's experience, shows that selling soft-timber rights on State lands, already once lumbered, can be made to produce a profit of $1 50 per acre. It is not chimerical to assume that a development of the State forests under skilled men would produce an income sufficient to meet the interest account, if not the principal, of the bond issue sought, and afterwards to continue its revenues into the State Treasury, and yet preserve the efficient intactness of the forests. Aside, though, from a commercial view, the State would obtain value received fully for its bond issue in the beneficial incidents of a great forest in its limits. Here lies a gift of nature, ready to give its perennial waters to the channels of commerce or the wheels of manufacture; furnish its enduring supplies to mankind; waft its healthful air to the invalid; reveal its smiling beauty, its romantic picturesqueness, its solemn grandeur, of lake, stream, and mountain to each seeking traveller; gladden each sportsman, too, with its trout and deer—a heritage of intrinsic value to succeeding generations. Economics, humanity, and the people demand the preservation of the Adirondack forests. A State's duty is to sustain and further the well-being of its citizens regarded as an imperishable whole. NEWELL B. WOODWORTH.

A LAW DISPENSARY.

THERE are dispensaries in the leading cities of this country for almost every kind of disease. There are free agencies which attend to the needs of the poor, from the distributing of tracts to the securing of employment. There are newspapers which give their space to those who cannot afford to pay the price of "want" advertisements. There are all sorts and varieties of opportunities organized for the weak and the destitute. But until the past few months there has never been an enterprise which had for its object the giving of legal services for nothing, unless we except the newspaper scheme which employed a lawyer as a part of its general advertisement equipment. However, all possible exceptions cannot take away from Philadelphia the honor of the first law dispensary established in connection with a law school in the United States. It has all been done so quietly that little has been heard of it; but there can be no doubt that its influence will soon spread to other cities, and the poor will be able to get free law as easily as they now obtain free medicines.

The Law Dispensary of Philadelphia is connected with the Miller Club of the Department of Law of the University of Pennsylvania, but it has no official connection directly with the Law Department. It began in March, 1893, and felt its way modestly through the spring and summer. The first experiences showed that the idea was a good one, and last fall it began its work with real earnestness. Its plan is to invite applications from people who have good cases which they are not able to pay a lawyer to prosecute or defend. There is a committee consisting of three members at the head of the club. The dispensary meets twice every month, on the first and third Fridays. The applicants appear before the members and state their claims. They are questioned generally by the members. Then the committee decides whether or not the case shall be undertaken. If the decision is favorable one or more students are appointed to work it up, and to make out the case for court. They are obliged to report at every subsequent meeting, and to take care of the case until it is ready for trial. They do everything except the actual argument in court. Of course, not being members of the bar, this would be out of the question. Where the students leave off, a member of the bar, connected with the movement or in sympathy with it, takes up the case and carries it through court. There have been more than thirty applicants since the dispensary began work, and a dozen cases are now being conducted by members of the club. Of the two cases which have been carried to the court, the dispensary won both. The plan had been undertaken not so much to make law free as to give the undergraduates an experience which they could not otherwise get, but incidentally the poor reap the benefit. The dispensary has no fund at its command, and for this reason each client has to pay the actual costs of his case. The lawyers' services, however, are free, and there is no possibility by which the client can get very far in debt. Many letters of inquiry have been sent to the dispensary, and unusual interest is manifested in its work. So far all the reports are extremely favorable, and we may accept it as settled that the millennium has come one step nearer, and that law has been brought down to cost price for the benefit of the poor.

The dispensary represents one of the most curious developments in legal education, but it is not more interesting than the general condition of the subject in this country. A special committee of the American Bar Association is now at work trying to get some system out of the many methods which exist among the law schools of the United States, and to elevate legal education to a science instead of allowing it to remain as an art. There are about seventy law schools in the United States. In no two of them are the methods of instruction alike. At the larger universities three years are required. In one of the Southern States a candidate may enter the law school without an examination, graduate within a year, and become a member of the bar by virtue of his graduation. In one Western State there is no legal examination whatever, the decision generally resting upon the question of moral character. The methods in the schools are as inconsistent as the other conditions surrounding the subject. Some teach by lectures, some from recitation-books, some by both lectures and recitations, some by the study of cases, and some by a combination of lectures, recitations, and cases. The committee of the Bar Association have recently secured the co-operation of the leading schools, and they look for excellent results from their work. They have made general recommendations, and these will form the basis of whatever discussions may come up when the various schools and colleges meet in consultation. One of the great problems is the enormous multiplication of cases and decisions, and the physical impossibility of any student, or even any lawyer, ever finding time or opportunity to read them.

The claim is also made that millionaires who have given some of their millions to endow institutions have been strangely forgetful of law schools, and that it is time that the matter was brought to their attention. Indeed, the criticism is offered that it is time that some of the money-makers who depend upon the lawyers so much while they are alive should not forget the interests of legal education when they die and leave the possessions which the law has protected for them. A splendid immortality is held up for the enterprising millionaire who will endow the first law school in the United States, and it is pointed out that the Law Dispensary as established in Philadelphia is another suggestion as to how riches can make themselves appreciated. There is no end to the development of the idea, for it should be as easy to divide the general dispensary into many special dispensaries as it has been to extend the hospital idea to every kind of human ailment. Then, too, the poor will have better respect for the law; but perhaps the lawyers who receive big fees would not endorse that part of the argument, although all of them will admit that it would do great good in keeping the poor from becoming poorer by falling into the hands of the curb-stone gentry who prey upon the unfortunate, and mulct them without scruple or mercy.

COLORADO'S UNIQUE RESORT.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

IF there is in all the world a resort like Glenwood Springs, in Colorado, it is modestly hiding its fame in some forgotten corner. The peculiar attraction at this new rendezvous in the heart of the Rockies is an open-air hot-water swimming-pool, in which one may bathe just as delightfully when the thermometer is at the freezing-point as one does at Narragansett Pier on the hottest midsummer day. The pool is like that at Hollywood, and that only other great bath of the kind which the late Colonel Broadwater established near Helena, Montana. But those other baths are both housed in, while this singular one at Glenwood is covered by nothing but the blue sky, and surrounded or enclosed only by Dame Nature's breath—the atmosphere. Besides, the Glenwood pool is six hundred feet long, and big enough to make the other fashionable pools seem babylike by comparison.

For a long time this beautiful resort was the means of astonishing and delighting the visitors to Colorado in a way that made them certain to remember the place as long as they live. The hospitable people of Denver and the enterprising officers of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad would keep from such visitors every hint of the true nature of the entertainment at Glenwood Springs while carrying them out to the place in the way the journey is always made—in swift trains of the most modern excellence. When the visitors reached the Springs they were certain to be enraptured with the mere view of the place. It is at the very mouth of one of the world-famous cañons of Colorado, out of which pours the Grand River, which does not know a commonplace foot in its entire great length. There was the sudden opening of the cañon, the view of the widening valley between the mountains; and facing one another, with the river between them, the cozy village and the expensively beautified property at the Springs. However the face of Nature might be dulled by the harsh grasp of winter, the Springs was sure to be as fresh and green as an English garden in May—a little spot of perpetual emerald lustre in that gigantic setting. The visitors were glad they came before they knew what they had come for. Then imagine their surprise when some one of their entertainers suddenly appeared in Coney Island surf attire, or, if only men were there, in a mere pair of bathing trunks, unconcernedly approaching the little lake of crystal, or perhaps reclining on its bank, the while that ice silvered the rocks in the river only a few yards away! Whoever ventured thus did so because he knew that the warm pool tempers the air all around it.

It is almost a pity that Glenwood Springs is now so famous that only foreigners can be entrapped for that admirable practical joke, but the gain is greater than the loss for a thoroughly Coloradan hotel now completes the attractions there, and great numbers can find good shelter, food, and service where only a few could do so before. I use the expression "thoroughly Coloradan hotel," because those who have stopped in Denver and the chief resorts of the State know that the hotels are the very best that money and modern knowledge and enterprise can provide. The new big hotel at Glenwood Springs is as fine in every detail as any hotel at any pleasure or health resort in the East.

There are ten main springs at Glenwood Springs, and they are said to flow at the rate of 8000 gallons a minute. They have strong and valuable mineral properties, though not such as impair their clearness and sweetness. They are hot springs, and that which supplies the great pool would not be cool enough for bathing, even in the open air, were it not cooled by cold water brought in to temper it. A great jet of this cold water has been arranged to play above and plash upon the pool, so as to increase the beauty of the bath and the pleasure of those who use it. Bathing out-of-doors is a mere feature of the place. A costly, large, and beautiful bathing establishment stands beside the pool, and offers variety to those who prefer to use the water in other ways. Beautiful drives, varied and even grand scenery, and sport of many sorts are all to be had at this charming place, which is but a few hours from Denver, and can be added to the attractions of a trip across the continent without added expense or trouble.

NEW YORK'S FISH MARKET IN LENT.

IN all New York city there is only one wholesale fish market. It has a water and a street frontage adjoining the Fulton Ferry on the East River side of the city, and it is directly opposite the famous old Fulton Market. This season of the year is harvest-time in this industry, for when the Lenten period comes there is a rush of fishing-smacks from all along the upper Atlantic coast to the market's dock. Thousands of crates and barrels of fish from the Great Lakes and the far South arrive; and the early hours of the morning, especially on Friday, with a blockade of streets for a radius of a quarter of a mile, take on an activity that is supposed to exist only in the summer when the peach season is at hand, and the truck farmers, with their teams and produce, turn night into day, and swarm over acres upon acres of New York's streets.

More picturesque is this night mart in winter than in summer. On the water side of the market, packed and wedged close in the dock, are the ice-coated vessels, the steamy vapor of the river rising in jets in the open spaces between the smacks and a score or more of temporary bridges running from deck to deck and thence to the piers, over which the fishermen and helpers, clad in oil-skin garb, rush the cargoes from hold to market stalls. Some of the catch brought in is alive, and is sent splashing and squirming, with much confusion, shouting, and calling, into the tanks that lie in the river close up to the market. Some of the catch is dead, frozen stiff, and this is quickly transferred to troughs and slabs and made presentable for sale. On the street side express wagons push and crowd up in the snow and slush, and the police have more than they can do to straighten out the tangle in the babel of shouting drivers. The horses steam like the river, and the electric lights shine through a night haze that is like an on-coming fog.

After the express wagons squirm out and go their way the retail grocers crowd up, and by five o'clock in the morning the rush is on. There is much breaking of boxes, much sorting, much bargaining, much loading, and when daylight comes the wagon traffic begins to disappear, and soon the fishes are found lying in retail stores and markets in a thousand places in the great city and its dependent cities and towns, and traffic begins there. In an hour or two the hotel buyers, the boarding-house keepers, and the thrifty housewives appear, and trading in Fulton Market as well as in the wholesale market begins. Before the Brooklyn Bridge was put up retail traffic at the Fulton Market was enormous.

Now it is only brisk. A more thorough system of distribution has come and brought lower prices with it, and the average housekeeper no longer feels that it pays to make the trip to Fulton Market to buy at first hand.

At this season of the year the fish traffic more than doubles the output at other times. The variety is large. Here is the splendid salmon from the North Pacific coast, the gorgeous redsnapper from the Georgia and Soüth Carolina coast, the pearl-colored and toothsome pompano from Florida, the beautiful and shapely sea-bass and shad from North Carolina, the brilliant groups of lobsters from Maine, the monster and sharklike halibut from our own coast, the ciscoes from Lake Erie, frozen in strips four fishes broad and from six to eight fishes long. There are the half-dozen kinds of pan-fish, the crabs, the oysters, the clams, but above all, and perhaps the staple fish at this season, is the cod, with the haddock close behind. These two kinds come in the same cargo from our neighboring fishing-banks, and they resemble each other so much that when they are sorted, those with the long white stripe down their sides go in one pile and are called cod, and those with the black stripe go in another pile and are called haddock. Under this counter is a mass of salt-water eels in a fresh-water tank, and the salesman will skin them alive while you wait, or put them in a bag, and let you skin them yourself when you get home.

Any one who is fond of looking in shop-windows on New York's attractive streets ought to go to Fulton Market on a Friday for half an hour. One stall there makes a fish show specialty. On a foundation of salmon is built row after row of other fishes, the heads of some showing, the sides and tails of others being presented, and the whole is capped by a monster fish from Oregon or Florida, trimmed with greens, and ornamented with shells. In this display one finds flounders, striped bass, perch, redsnappers, smelts, whitebait, angel or moon fish, scallops, and a dozen other varieties, all arranged with a smart eye for color and form that is a revelation.

A fish commissioner of the United States once told the writer that in a hundred years from now, when this country becomes densely populated, and in two hundred years from now, when it becomes over-populated, the chief reliance of the people within perhaps five hundred miles from the coasts for food will be upon the sea. Meats and even grain may become scarce for lack of room to produce them, but there will always be room in the sea for the cultivation of fish, and plenty of marshes to produce rice. Perhaps this is one reason why there is an increased demand already from year to year for sea food. Nutritious in its chemical elements, varied in its flavor and form, it is now the one rich food product within the purchasing power of even the man in humblest circumstances.

A. F. MATTHEWS.

FOOD, FUEL, SHELTER

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

THIS is Bread River. There are shores, as in any well-regulated stream, represented by a corridor, which is a narrow shop running right through the block, with an entrance on First Street and an exit on Houston Street, on the east side of New York. That long shop holds in a moving flood, composed of men, women, children, and as they swirl past for two hours, from 9 to 11 in the morning, of every day in the week, they sweep off the bread. A half-dozen alert young men broken into business—for they have been at it ever since August last—catch hold of great slabs of bread, tear off the loaves from the mass, and so distribute the staff of life. It takes practice to give 3000 loaves of bread to 2000 applicants per hour. The feeders ask but few questions of the fed. They gauge requirements at a glance. They may be quick, shrewd, but are generous. It is not always the one loaf that is given. Sometimes two, occasionally three, loaves are pitched into a basket or rolled up in a shawl. The distributers judge of the needs of the applicants. In many cases the conditions of the recipients have been inquired into; and as this bread-giving is conducted by the gentlemen attached to the staff of the *World*, many of the chances of fraud, such as might be carried out by repeaters or those who are not in real want, are eliminated. The *World* Bread Fund was originated by Mr. Joseph Pulitzer in August of last year. The words of a despatch sent by him from abroad it is not worth while to repeat exactly. The equivalent in simplest English was: "There are hungry people in New York. Feed them." And as far as bread goes, the hungry are fed.

Mr. Edward King's sketch is taken at the Houston Street exit, and the methods of distribution and the character of the recipients can be at once understood.

It is the bitterest cold day of the year, a near approach to a blizzard. On this blustering morning of the 12th of February I follow a crowd making its way to some former place of amusement, known as the museum. The people are not going to see a variety show, but to look at vast stacks of bread, bins of coal, and shelves piled with packages of coffee, tea, and sugar, and their mouths need not water, for they will get some of these things too. This museum is the coal and food headquarters, the largest of its particular kind in this country, and certainly the best as to plan. It is under the management of Mr. Nathan Straus, the originator of the wisest method of relief, and here the handsome gift of $50,000 made by Mr. Pierpont Morgan is made available.

I buy my 5-cent ticket, and push it into the hand of an old German woman who is behind me. She seems amazed at my munificence, lost in astonishment when I put her in the lead and follow her. There are nine people before me and fifteen after me. The policeman lops us off in sections.

Inside, the place has the appearance of well-regulated business, under as perfect management as a banking-house. Deft saleswomen dispense packages of tea, six ounces; coffee, six ounces; 1½ pounds of sugar, for five cents for each parcel. A whacking big loaf of wheaten or rye bread is five cents. From a shoot comes tumbling down assorted packages put up by 44 girls, who are busy upstairs. Down in the cellar there is the din of shovels. A dozen men are filling up the customers' bags with coal.

On this particular day the sales of this concern amounted to $1026 50. Three-quarters of the sales were for coal, and the principal coin used in the interchange was the 5-cent nickel.

I am shown the number on the batch of tickets which is to be sent to the ticket-sellers during the course of the day, and the number begins with the series 454,000. Before the hard times are over this year there will be a million of tickets disposed of, for the demand does not decrease. Charitable associations all over the city purchase these tickets, which the Grand Street Museum duly honors. The character of the business is absolutely unsectarian. As I walk around the big room I see Germans, Italians, Scandinavians, Poles, Irish, Russians, some few French, a colored woman here and there (blue with the cold), and an occasional American.

This buying and selling has nothing humiliating about it. The nickel puts the whole world on a level, and gives the same equality, whether diamonds or coals are to be purchased. This money exchange is a precious right. You may find fault with weight of bread or sugar, or deficiency of quality, if you please, but there never is any cause for complaint. I do not always steep Caravan tea in my teapot, nor is my decoction invariably made of Mocha coffee. From personal experience I insist that the tea, coffee, and sugar, bought in the Grand Street mart are excellent, and I only wish my baker would supply me with the precise quality of bread I found here. "I must have a bigger loaf," said Mr. Nathan Straus. "Five cents is a great deal of money for a poor woman to pay, and grain being so much cheaper, a larger loaf I will have."

Last summer I had seen an ocean of milk absorbed at the pier foot of Third Street, East River, and lakes of sterilized milk carried off in bottles; and, not counting the wholesomeness of the milk, I am satisfied that the lives of many infants were saved in this the typical poor quarter of New York.

It was far inland, as distant from the seaboard as is Avenue C from the East River, where I struck the first sledge, hauled by a German. A red-faced urchin straddled a bag of coal and held in both arms a big loaf of brown bread, and the father was making rapid time with the sledge for home. I met then men, women, children carrying coal, and there were hundreds of them.

Though it was only 2 P.M., all hands were busy at the pier, and coal, bread, tea, and coffee, the last two in packages, were being rapidly disposed of. On this Monday the sales of coal here amounted to $379, and bread, tea, and coffee, $47. It was always the five cents' worth which led the demand. In addition to this particular coal depot Mr. Nathan Straus has two more, at the foot of Rutgers Street, and on the west side at Fifty-second Street.

In all the places where coal was sold at cost on this one day, the 12th of last February, the total was over, not under, 600,000 pounds. It is to be remembered that this large quantity was generally carried away in small loads of 25 pounds, and in the face of a raging storm.

But where may the homeless sleep these cold nights? I go to No. 54 West Fifteenth Street and see a carefully kept, comfortable lodging-house, well ventilated and warmed. How far will five cents go? What will it provide? A good bed; a wash in the morning. And anything else? Would you turn a man into the cold city streets at seven o'clock without a morsel of food? Why, he would not have pluck enough left to find work! For this five cents the man or woman gets all the coffee he or she can drink, all the fresh bread he or she can eat, and to many a poor soul that single meal suffices for the fast of the day before and the day that has come. On this 12th of February 45 women had their rest in one room here, and 155 men in two other rooms.

Some time ago there were more applicants for a night's rest than there was accommodation. At once Mr. Straus rented another house, No. 108 West Eighteenth Street. It has a larger capacity, and on this same 12th of February 312 men slept there and had their breakfast, all for the five cents. Still there was not room enough, and so Mr. Straus has just opened a third house with an ampler capacity. "No decent man nor woman in New York with five cents is to pass the night in the street if I can help it." That is what this very original man says.

It is seven at night. There have been stragglers waiting to come into the house for at least an hour. It takes not more than twenty minutes to fill the beds in all the rooms. There is a dead silence, save for the creak of a bed. There may be a restless turn or two, an occasional snort, and then comes beneficent sleep. "He who sleeps dines," says a Spanish maxim; but who can tell if in all cases there is sleep? Anyhow, it is better to think that there is surcease from trouble.

All this is broad, beneficent work. Systematic charity should have its cool philosophical side; but when there is no work for the man, and the women and the children suffer, and there is gaunt famine, even though the cause might arise from shiftlessness, you may not ask the reasons for an empty stomach. You give the bread first. Time enough afterwards to find out what are the reasons for such human distress.

I have described but a tithe of what I saw. Is further help needed? The crisis is by no means over. There is still intense suffering on the part of those who have too much pride to ask for relief. There are innumerable deserving people in New York city who still want food, fuel, shelter.

WILLIAM FREDERICK POOLE, LL.D.

W. F. POOLE, LL.D., the Nestor of American librarians, was born in Salem, Massachusetts, December 24, 1821, and died on the first instant at his home in Evanston, Illinois. At the age of twelve he left the public school, but after learning the ancestral trade of tanner with an uncle, at seventeen he resumed his studies at Leicester Academy, and in 1842 entered Yale College; after one year he had to leave to earn money to complete his college course. He taught school for three years, and re-entered Yale in 1846 as a Sophomore, graduating with honor in 1849.

In 1847 he began library work as assistant in the library of his college society, The Brothers in Unity. He at once prepared a topical index to the reviews and magazines in the library, which proved so useful that it was published by G. P. Putnam in 1848 in a volume of 154 pages. This was the first edition of the famous *Index to Periodical Literature*, of which the third edition and supplements are known and valued the world over, wherever English periodicals are preserved for reference, as the priceless keys which unlock their hidden wealth.

Dr. Poole's career as a librarian has been continuous and successful. He was librarian of The Brothers in Unity 1848–9; assistant librarian of the Boston Athenæum 1851–2, and librarian 1856–68; librarian of the Boston Mercantile Library 1852–6, of the Cincinnati Public Library 1869–73, of the Chicago Public Library 1874–87, and of the Newberry Library since its establishment in 1887. In 1868 and 1869, as a library expert, he organized the Bronson Library, Waterbury, Connecticut, the Fairbanks Athenæum Library, St. Johnsbury, Vermont, the public libraries of Newton and Easthampton, Massachusetts, and of Indianapolis, Indiana, and rearranged and catalogued the library of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland.

Dr. Poole attended the first known congress of librarians, held in this city in 1853. He was one of the organizers of the American Library Association in 1876, a vice-president for eight years, its president 1884–87, and a councillor since 1888. He was one of the American librarians present at the International Conference in London in 1877, and vice-president of that meeting. He has made valuable contributions to library literature, and his influence has been felt, particularly throughout the West, in improved legislation for the establishment and support of public libraries. His personal work, his words, and his pen have been most powerful in bringing to the highest rank the profession of librarian.

DR. POOLE has been widely known, also, as a historical writer who wielded a vigorous pen in the exposition of error and the establishment of truth, as witness his writings on witchcraft in New England, "The Popham Colony," and "The Ordinance of 1787." He was for several years president of the American Historical Association, and was a member of many historical societies. He was one of the founders of the Chicago Literary Club. His able Phi Beta Kappa address at the Northwestern University, in June last, on the University Library and the University Curriculum was published just before his death.

He was a man of commanding stature and of decided character, but genial and affable, winning the loyal devotion of his assistants and the genuine love of his friends, for whom he had the strongest affection.

CHARLES ALEXANDER NELSON.

BRAZIL'S NEW PRESIDENT.

THOUGH all the returns are not yet in, and will not be for a few weeks, since it takes about forty days for the capital to hear from some parts of the republic, yet it is definitely known that the elections in Brazil on March 1st resulted in the success of the Republican or Constitutional ticket, headed by Prudente de Moraes for President, and Manoel Victorino Pereira for Vice-President.

Apart from the natural importance of a Presidential election, the occasion was notable for the fact that it was the first time that the people of the latest addition to the family of American republics voted directly for a chief magistrate, and as well for the fact that it was expected, inasmuch as Floriano Peixoto was not a candidate, to put an end to the disastrous revolution which has so sorely vexed the country since last September.

Brazil has hitherto had two Presidents, but the first, Marshal Deodoro da Fonseca, was elected by the constituent Assembly that framed the republic's constitution, and that became, that labor concluded, the republic's first Congress without further ado. The second is General Floriano Peixoto, who, being Vice-President at the time of Fonseca's death, succeeded to the office for Fonseca's unexpired term.

The election just held was expected to end the revolution, because the insurgents objected to the militarism with which they charged Peixoto had impregnated the government, and clamored for a civilian President. They announced, or it is alleged they did, that Moraes would be acceptable to them. "If therefore," said the Brazilian Minister at Washington, Dr. Salvador de Mendonça, on his recent visit to this city, "the election of Moraes to succeed Peixoto does not abolish every semblance of reason for the continuance of the rebellion, then the aim of the insurgents cannot but be what Admiral Saldanha da Gama's first manifesto unequivocally declared it to be, the restoration of the empire."

President-elect Prudente de Moraes was born about fifty years ago of wealthy and influential parents in Piracicaba, a large and important city in the middle of the coffee zone of the great state of San Paulo. He was educated in the best schools of his native country and adopted law as a profession. He early went into politics, and gained distinction as representative of his native state in the Lower House of Parliament in the days of the empire. His course there as a Republican in a very small minority was moderate, and distinguished for consummate tact and dignity. He made good use of his thorough knowledge of parliamentary laws and usages, and employed his ability as a debater to good advantage for his cherished republican principles.

In 1889, when the republic was declared, Moraes was assigned the difficult position of Governor of San Paulo, which state he organized against the wealthy and influential monarchical party, which, though now in the minority, still shows formidable strength, defraying, as it does, the larger part of the expenses of the revolution that started in Rio Grande do Sul. In 1890 San Paulo sent him to the constituent Assembly, called for the purpose of promulgating the republic's constitution, and he was unanimously elected president by that body. He was then elected vice-president of the Senate, of which, owing to Peixoto's elevation to the chief magistracy of the nation, he has been the only actual presiding officer. Minister Mendonça, who was a fellow-student in law with President-elect Moraes, describes him as apparently a man of most gentle nature, but in reality very energetic and uncompromising, though just, impartial, and, above all, tactful. He will not take office until November 15th, unless Peixoto resigns in the interests of peace on or after May 3d, when Congress assembles.

The Vice-President-elect, Senhor Pereira, was educated for the medical profession, and filled a chair in the medical college of Bahia, his native city, until the declaration of the republic, when the state of Bahia elected him to the Senate.

ARMORED CRUISER "MAINE."

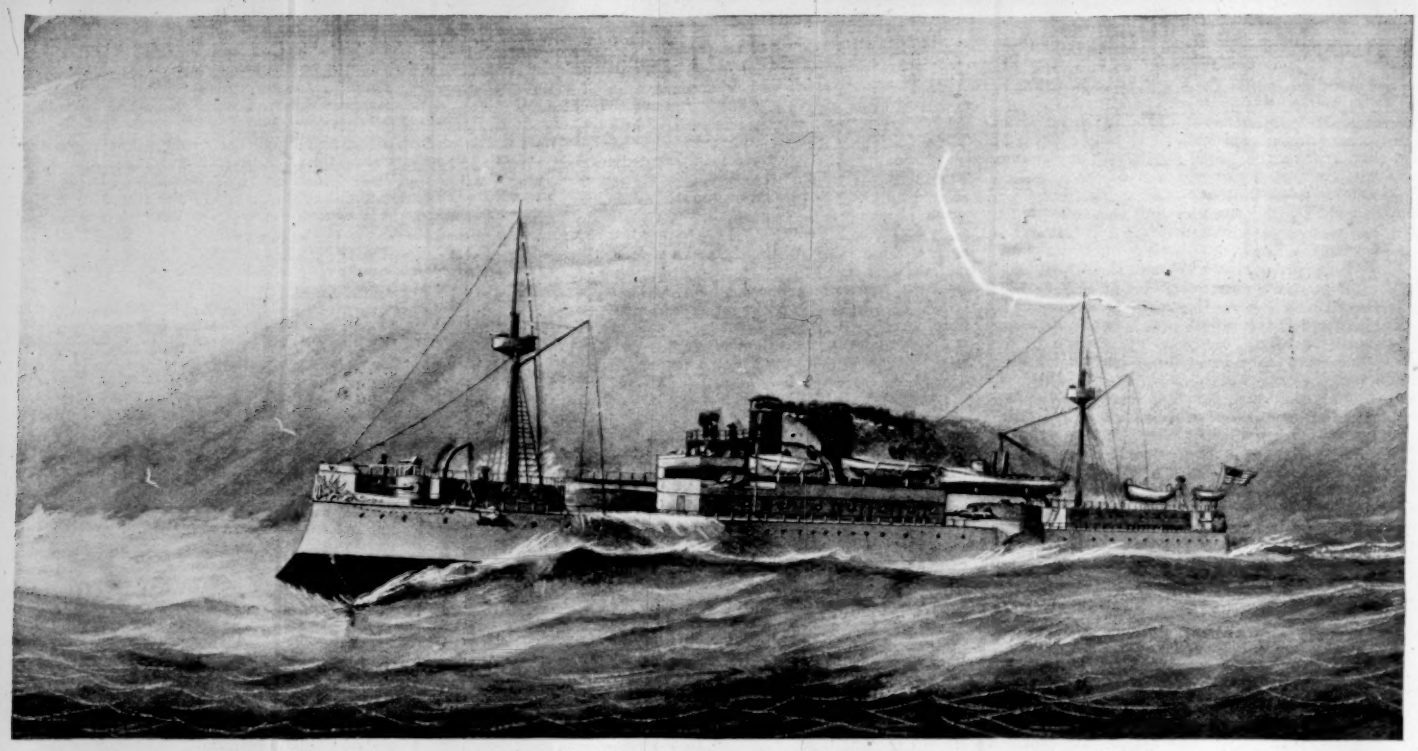
THE next active addition to the United States navy will be the armored cruiser *Maine*, now building at the Navy-yard, New York.

This craft is the American prototype of the *New York* and the *Brooklyn* class, and, excepting the omitted bark rig, is an enlarged and more formidable reproduction of the Brazilian cruiser *Richuelo*, built in England in 1883.

The retarded completion of the *Maine*, due to delayed delivery of armor, has resulted in making the ship a finer vessel than was contemplated in the original design; and the cause of this betterment is the direct result of the introduction of nickel steel and the development of the Harvey surface-hardening process.

The principal dimensions are: length on load water-line, 318 feet; breadth, extreme, 57 feet; draught, mean, 21 feet 6 inches; displacement, normal, 6648 tons; indicated horse-power, estimated, 9000; speed, estimated, 17 knots; coal supply, bunker capacity, 896.29 tons.

The armor protection to the motive power and magazines consists of a Harveyized nickel-steel belt seven feet wide—three above and four below the water-line—twelve inches thick, placed within a shelf running along the load-line region

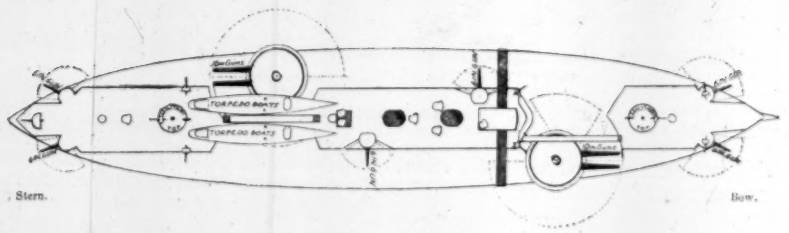


THE UNITED STATES ARMORED CRUISER "MAINE."—Drawn by Robert G. Skerrett.

for a distance of 186 feet amidships on each side, and backed by eight inches of oak. On top of the shelf formed within by this countersunk armor belt is placed a steel deck two inches thick, thus forming a roof, so to speak, over the engines, boilers, etc., while a six-inch athwartship bulkhead, which connects the forward ends of the armor belts, presents a defensive front to shot coming inboard through the lighter structure of the ship around the bow and aboveboard. Running to the bow and the stern respectively, from the lower edges of the forward and after ends of the broadside armor, are water-tight armor decks two inches in thickness, by which the steering-gear and other vital parts are protected, and by which the stability of the ship is intended to be preserved should the bow and stern above water be riddled or shot away. The broadside armor protection is augmented by the disposition of the coal.

The main battery will consist of four 10-inch breech-loading rifles, mounted in pairs, in two barbette turrets, eight inches thick, revolving within barbettes twelve inches thick, placed *en échelon*, so that all four guns can be fired either ahead or astern, besides possessing a broadside train on their respective sides of 180 degrees, and able to train across ship and fire through an arc of sixty degrees; and of six 6-inch rapid-fire breech-loading rifles, two forward and two aft on the main-deck, and two placed diagonally on the amidship superstructure. The secondary battery will be composed of eight 6-pounder and eight 1-pounder rapid-fire guns and four Gatlings, disposed variously on the superstructure and in the military tops, and are intended to resist torpedo-boat attacks, and to enfilade exposed gun positions, and to tear away light armor.

From three placed above water amidships, on each side, the *Maine* will be able to launch 18-inch Whitehead torpedoes; and in addition will carry two torpedo-boats, of fourteen tons' displacement, able to make eighteen knots an hour, and capable of a day's independent action. These little vessels are examples of very skilful designing, and embody in small compass the finest of constructive and engineering cunning.



GUN PLAN OF THE "MAINE."

The ship is divided into 174 separate water-tight compartments, each of which is under the control of a powerful pumping plant; and the vessel is lighted throughout by a system of incandescent electric lights. Artificial ventilation, produced by immense fans, will insure healthfulness in the innermost parts, and the same draught may be turned into the ash-pits to increase the fury of the roaring furnaces.

The motive power will consist of eight large boilers, having a total grate surface of 553 feet, and of two sets of triple-expansion engines, each in its own water-tight compartment, actuating separate shafts, and driving the twin screws at the rate of 132 revolutions a minute. The low-pressure cylinders are placed forward, and are so arranged that they may be disconnected, and the rest of the machinery worked as compound when going at cruising speeds.

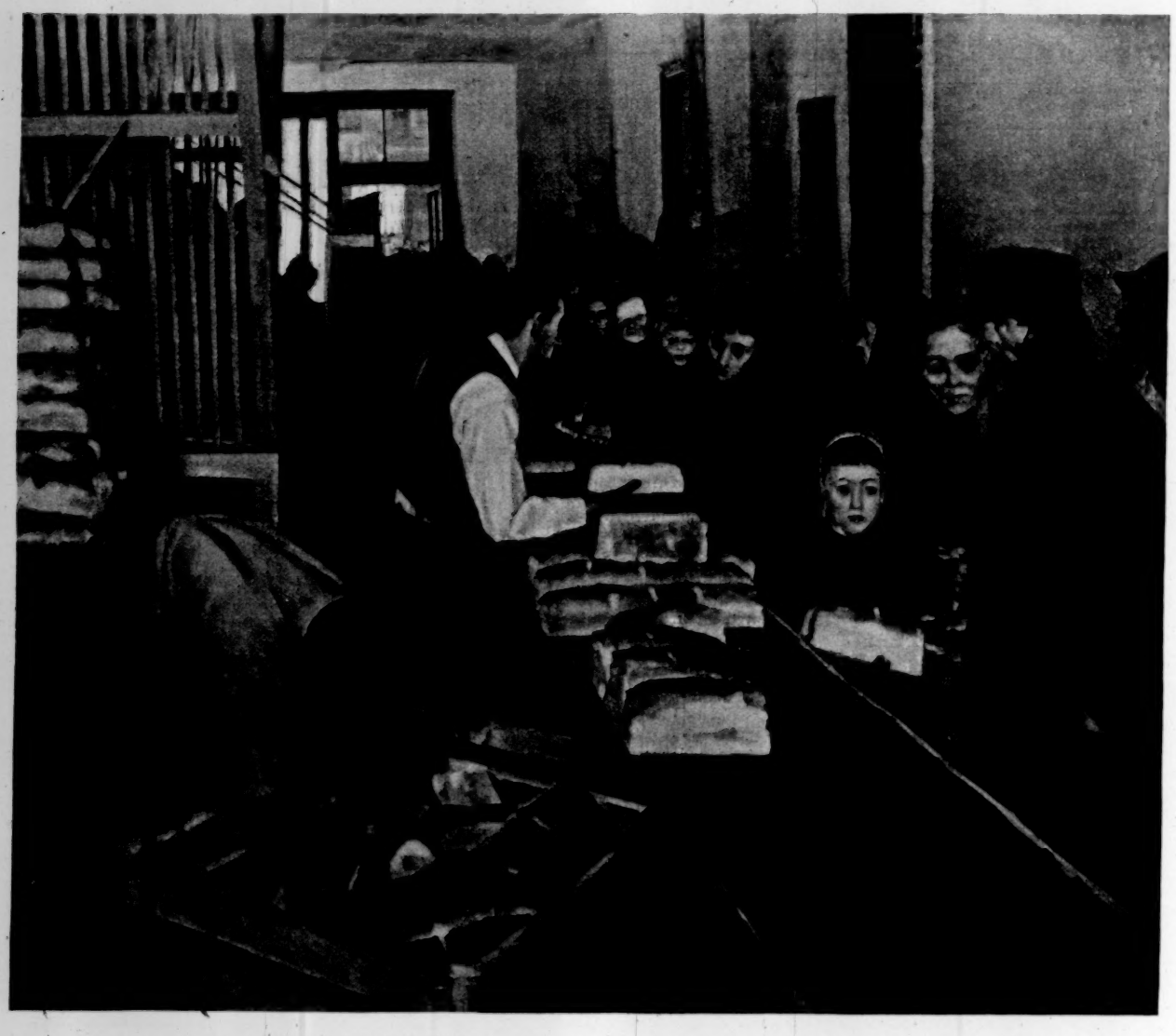
Steam-power and hydraulic mechanisms will supersede hand-power wherever possible, and muscular exertion has been reduced to a comparative minimum.

The ship will be fought from a conning-tower located on the forward end of the midship superstructure; it will be ten inches thick, and, like the turrets, composed of Harveyized nickel-steel. To the conning-tower will be led electrical and mechanical means of communication from all parts of the ship, that the commanding officer may be in touch with every portion of the craft that may affect her efficiency in battle.

About four hundred souls, officers, seamen, and marines, will constitute the ship's complement; and ample means have been provided for their comfort and health.

The machinery was built by the Quintard Iron-Works, of New York, at the contract price of $735,000; and if increased indicated horse-power be developed on the sea trial the contractors will receive $100 for each additional horse-power—a like rate of reduction following in case of failure to reach the contract limit.

R. G. S.



THE CRY FOR BREAD.—From the Painting by Edward King.—[See Page 255.]

HON. THOMAS B. REED.—Drawn from Life by G. W. Breck.

THE HON. THOMAS B. REED.

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE.

Thomas Brackett Reed, Speaker of the Fifty-first Congress, and the Republican leader in the House of Representatives, was born in Portland, Maine, October 18, 1839. On both sides he is of old New England stock. His father was a sea-captain, and through him Mr. Reed is a lineal descendant of George Cleaves, the first settler at Portland, a sturdy Puritan and pioneer, and one of the picturesque figures of the early days. Mr. Reed was educated at the public schools of Portland. He graduated from the High-School and entered Bowdoin College in 1856. He had a strong love for literature, but at this time it was rather for books in general than for the text-books of the college. Thus it happened that he did not receive one of the sixteen parts awarded in the Junior year. This failure to take rank roused his ambition, and in his Senior year he made up so well for lost time that he graduated fifth in his class and had the English oration at Commencement. He also took the prize for English composition, the only one then offered. After graduating from Bowdoin in 1860 he taught in the High-School at Portland for a year, having had experience already in teaching, by means of which he had earned the money necessary to carry him through college. He began the study of law while still a teacher, and continued it after leaving the High-School. In 1863 he went to California, where he remained nine months, and where he tried his first case in court. His admission to the bar of California recalls an amusing incident. When he came up for examination the judge asked him if the legal-tender acts were constitutional. Mr. Reed replied that they were. The judge then turned to another applicant for admission and asked the same question, and the reply

this time was in the negative. The judge said: "That will do. Two men who can answer that question at once and without hesitation are entitled to immediate admission to any bar."

Soon after this Mr. Reed left California and entered the navy of the United States. He served as paymaster on the gunboat *Sibyl* upon the Mississippi for thirteen months, when the war closed. He then returned to Portland and began the practice of the law. He rose rapidly at the bar, and, as he took an active interest in politics, he was chosen in 1867 to the lower branch of the Legislature, and was re-elected in the following year. In 1869 he was elected to the State Senate, and when the Legislature met he was chosen by the Legislature to be Attorney-General of the State. After serving out his Senatorial term he qualified as Attorney-General, and held the office three years, going out in 1873. On his return to the bar and to his private practice he was made City Solicitor, and continued in this office until his election to Congress from the Portland district in 1876.

Mr. Reed had the good fortune in his first term in the National House to be placed upon the Potter Committee, formed to investigate the election of President Hayes. The work of this committee attracted at the time great attention, and Mr. Reed achieved so much success, especially in his cross-examination of witnesses, that almost at once he gained distinction and reputation. Since then Mr. Reed has been regularly re-elected by increasing majorities to each succeeding Congress, taking every year a larger part in the public business, and winning his way by his power in debate, his ability, and his personal force to a position of acknowledged leadership.

In the Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Congresses Mr. Reed received the nomination of the Republicans for Speaker, which could not give him the office, as the Republicans were in a minority, but which made him the party leader on the floor. The leadership of the minority in the House of Representatives, although it carries no official title, and, in consequence, is not fully recognized or appreciated by the general public, is nevertheless a most responsible, difficult, and always hard-worked position. The man who holds it must be constantly on the floor, and must watch closely the course of legislation and all the proceedings of the House. The place demands a cool head, long parliamentary experience, and a capacity for rapid decision in difficult circumstances, which often arise most suddenly and unexpectedly. A party leader must always be prepared also to aid any one of his party associates in a moment of stress, and to see to it that the less experienced members get fair play from the majority. Mr. Reed met all these exacting conditions with great success. He obtained not only the regard of his party in the House, but, what is much rarer, their entire confidence in his leadership, as well as in his courage and resource. Thus it came about that when the Republicans carried the Fifty-first Congress, Mr. Reed, after a friendly and not very serious contest, was nominated and elected by his party to the great office of Speaker.

It proved a memorable Congress and a memorable Speakership, but it is only of the latter that it is necessary to speak here. Mr. Reed's long experience in the House, and his careful study of the conditions which then existed, had convinced him that under the system of rules which had gradually grown up a situation had arisen full of danger and demanding a radical reform. Briefly stated, the case was this: The House had reached a condition in which, under the existing rules, the minority could stop the transaction of all business to which they did not assent. It had come, indeed, to the point that in practice almost no business could be done except by unanimous consent. Such a situation was monstrous. The great popular branch of the government, to which the framers of the Constitution had intended to confide the initiation of legislation, was sinking into inanition, and its powers were being absorbed by the Senate. Worse than this was the fact that, as the majority could not rule, and the minority were, in the nature of things, unable to govern, all responsibility, the one great safeguard of popular government, was at an end.

With this situation, deeply embedded in habit and walled round by precedent, Mr. Reed grappled. He had one great advantage—he knew exactly what he meant to do. In an article in the *Century*, published early in 1889, he had described both the situation and the remedies. To carry out the reform, however, required great nerve and determination. An old abuse always dies hard, and especially so when it has behind it a political party profoundly interested for the time being in its preservation. It was not a work which could be performed gently and sweetly. It was not a case for a rose-water revolution. Mr. Reed carried it through without flinching, strongly, at times severely, but he never lost either his head or his temper, and he won. He was much helped by the fact that he knew just where to strike, and his blows told. The methods of delay could be summed up under two heads—dilatory motions and the refusal of a quorum. As Speaker—that is, as the organ and representative of the majority, Mr. Reed exercised the power embodied in a new rule, to decline to entertain a dilatory motion. This disposed of the first great obstruction. The second he met by counting a quorum.

No man in late years has encountered such a storm as this bold action aroused. He was assailed in every way that party malice could invent or the bitterness of defeat devise. In return it may be said that no man who has carried through a great reform has ever been more quickly or more thoroughly vindicated. When the dust and smoke of the battle subsided, it was found that Mr. Reed had followed a line of unbroken precedents in legislatures and courts at home and in legislative bodies abroad. Soon after, the Supreme Court decided that counting a quorum was entirely constitutional, and the Democrats themselves, in the very next Congress, gave to their Speaker the authority to refuse to entertain dilatory motions. The very recent performances of the House show that the acceptance by the Democrats of counting a quorum is not far off, and that its necessity is greater than ever. With the return of the Republicans to power in the House, the Reed rules will be adopted, and will never again be laid aside by any party, even in seeming. This reform of the House rules was a great work. It has reached far. It has made a mark, and will hold a place in history. But Mr. Reed, in addition to this, made his influence felt throughout the work of the Fifty-first Congress, not only in carrying through the great party measures in which he strongly believed, but in fearlessly, and at the hazard of his own fortunes, opposing measures to which many of his associates were devoted, but which he did not think best for the interests of the whole country.

Since the Fifty-first Congress Mr. Reed has returned to his former place of leader of the opposition, and how powerful that place may be was shown in the great silver struggle of last summer.

It only remains to say a few words of the man himself. His quick wit is known to the country, and his sayings are repeated everywhere. They usually go deeper, however, than the laugh which greets them. For example, speaking of the aphorisms which the free-traders use, and of the fact that they are particularly inclined to think them true because they are simple, Mr. Reed said: "This is a great error. Half-truths are simple, but the whole truth is the most complicated thing on earth." One day a request came in his mail for his autograph and his definition of a statesman. Mr. Reed wrote, "A statesman is a successful politician who is dead." The happy wit of the sentence barbed with truth and satire carried it over the country.

The faculty of quick retort is of course of enormous value in the rapid exchange of sharp short debate, and in this field Mr. Reed has no equal in this country, his power of repartee being supplemented by an unusual capacity for clear, strong, and condensed statement. A good judge of debate and a political opponent of Mr. Reed, who was familiar with the House of Commons and also with the lower Chambers at Paris and Brussels, said that Mr. Reed, with the possible exception of Sir William Harcourt, was the strongest man he had ever heard in five-minute debate.

Wit, sarcasm, and humor, however, are with Mr. Reed only one side. He is by nature serious and reflective, and these qualities can be seen in his longer speeches, which are the product of much hard thinking, and which are the best things he does, although they often disappoint the crowd, who want to hear him employ his wit upon his enemies. Any one who has been present when Mr. Reed has made an elaborate and set speech, as he did the other day on the tariff, could not fail to notice the profound attention of the packed House, and the intense interest with which every word was followed. This is due not merely to the ability of the speaker, but to the honesty of the man, qualities recognized in Mr. Reed by friend as well as foe, by those who differ from him as well as those who agree with him.

The love of books, which Mr. Reed took with him to college, has remained with him through life. He has read widely, and on all subjects, for he has many interests. His special fancy outside of English has been for French, and more especially old French literature. When he went to London many years ago his first expedition was to find the White Hart Inn, where Mr. Pickwick met Mr. Weller, and at the end of his six months' stay the haunts of Johnson and Lamb and the scenes of Dickens and Thackeray were all as familiar to him as the streets of Portland.

Mr. Reed entered public life a poor man, leaving behind him a good practice at the bar, and a poor man he has remained. He has come to the front rank of our public life, but has found no opportunities to make money by the way, much as he would have liked it for wise uses. He has an abundance of political opponents, and has been the subject of the fiercest political attack, but his private and personal character stands unspotted and unassailed. He is a stanch party man, a loyal friend and a good one, and it may be admitted that he might merit Dr. Johnson's love in the opposite direction. He thinks for himself, and has remarkable originality of thought in looking at any subject—something very far from eccentricity, which merely consists in thinking differently from other people.

This brief sketch of an honorable career is not intended to be a critical examination of Mr. Reed, still less is it meant to represent him as one of those impossible perfections found only in the imaginations of persons who live secluded lives, and to whom public men are myths, wholly good or wholly evil persons, such as never existed anywhere. What has been written here is intended merely to give an outline of Mr. Reed's career, and to show him as he appears to those who meet him every day and who know him best. One thing may be fairly said, and it would be admitted not only by his party friends but by his political opponents—that he is a man of honor and patriotism, an American throughout, with a force of intellect and character, and a training and education, which make all Americans glad to have him in the forefront of our public life.

MR. FRANK VINCENT DU MOND.

THE painter of the religious picture reproduced in this number of the WEEKLY figures with peculiar significance in the current exhibition of the Society of American Artists. The tendencies illustrated in that exhibition are nearly all of a distinctly unconventional nature. Mr. Frank Vincent Du Mond is far from being a conventional painter, but his chief gift, nevertheless, lies in combining academic with realistic qualities. He is conspicuous among his fellows for a free naturalistic method, strengthened by severe discipline. He shows in his work, and especially in such execution as may be discovered in the bosky background of "The Baptism of Christ," a delightful feeling for nature. He shows also, in the accuracy and thoroughness of his draughtsmanship, a close acquaintance with the schools. It is with ample qualifications that he has himself turned teacher, and undertaken this summer, as last, to instruct a class of American students who will go abroad under his guidance.

Mr. Du Mond is an intelligent observer who has resolutely refused to rely upon his observation alone, and has submitted to a rigid training. He was born in Rochester in 1865. He came to New York some years ago, and while spending his days in work for illustrated periodicals here, those of Harper & Brothers among them, devoted his evenings to study at the Art Students' League. In 1889 he proceeded to Paris, where, in Julian's well-known atelier, he followed the instruction of Jules Lefebvre and Benjamin Constant. The latter has left no trace upon Mr. Du Mond's work, but the influence of Lefebvre can be felt in the excellent craftsmanship of everything this talented young American does. His pictures, from the very beginning, have been "well held together," as the slang of the studio would have it, and it is not surprising that he was soon recognized in the Salon. A third-class medal was awarded to a "Holy Family" which he exhibited during his second year in Paris, and which has since been much admired in New York.

Mr. Du Mond has not lacked appreciation here, for he has never failed to deserve it. Artists in the younger group to which he belongs are often prone to eccentricity and to arbitrary, even careless workmanship. Mr. Du Mond has wisely persevered in the course which he laid out for himself under the exacting criticism of one of the most successfully academic masters of France. Though he has never become cold or perfunctory, has never abandoned a strain of natural, unaffected sentiment, he is always balanced in composition, correct in drawing, and uncommonly solid and finished in the general handling of his work. He has a pictorial instinct that makes itself felt in marked symmetry of design. His taste in treating sacred themes argues sincerity of purpose. As a painter of religious compositions in the realistic yet sympathetic and reverent vein of "The Baptism of Christ," he has already won a position which he is apparently destined to make more secure and more respected as time goes on.

ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY WELLMAN.

THE prosecuting officer who has had charge of the election-fraud cases is Assistant District Attorney F. L. Wellman, and his conduct of the cases has been so earnest and able as to commend him not only to his professional associates, but to all good citizens who are hoping that New York is soon to escape from the rule of criminals.

Mr. Wellman is yet a young man, and his appearance in the field of criminal law is recent. During Mr. Nicoll's term he was the principal trier of causes on the people's behalf, and he won great distinction not only for careful preparation, but for great skill in examining witnesses and forceful and effective addresses to the jury. The Harris and Webster cases attested his capacity, and won for him the respect and the fear of the old lawyers of the criminal bar.

Mr. Wellman is not the only one of Mr. Nicoll's assistants who remained with Mr. Fellows. All his old associates except Mr. Stapler are still serving. Mr. Stapler and Mr. Wellman, however, the former as the counsel in appealed cases and the latter as the jury lawyer, were the most important of the Assistant District Attorneys, and the resignation of both would have greatly crippled the office.

When Mr. Nicoll procured indictments against a small army of election inspectors, not much more was expected. Mr. Nicoll was about to retire from office, and Mr. Fellows was coming in.

New York had had its experience with Mr. Fellows, and felt no confidence in him. It is evident now, however, that Mr. Wellman has not been interfered with, at least successfully. Those who are familiar with the facts of these cases, and with the politics of the city, know that all the influences which are usually effective with Mr. Fellows would be naturally exerted against conviction. The indicted men were the followers of Croker and Croker's Assembly District leaders, chief among them being Justice "Paddy" Divver and Police Commissioner "Jamie" Martin. The accused were indicted, too, for doing precisely what the leaders of Tammany Hall wanted them to do. Therefore it would naturally be the desire of the Tammany District Attorney to secure an acquittal or to pigeon-hole the indictments. But popular indignation was so great, and popular feeling ran so high, that the bosses trembled and deserted their henchmen. The cases were put in charge of Mr. Wellman, which was a guarantee of an honest prosecution, with the result that thirty-nine of these criminals have been tried and convicted, or have run away, forfeiting their bail.

Mr. Wellman deserves the gratitude of the people of New York. He has not only vindicated and enforced the law, but in doing so he has shown how far-reaching are the ramifications of Tammany vice, and how great is the demand for a thorough search after iniquities in every department of the municipal government. The Legislature's indifference to the repeated proof of the need of a wholesale investigation is evidence of a fellow-feeling with the criminal classes that rule over us. The trials of these humble heelers have exposed the rottenness of Tammany government. Not only are the police who guard crime at the polling-places, and the police justices who offer incentives to frauds on the ballot-boxes, proper subjects for judicial proceedings, but the power that controls every avenue of political preferment in the city is now known to be responsible for all this corroding corruption. A little of Mr. Wellman's zeal and ability directed against the masters of these recent convicts would be very wholesome.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS FOR MAYOR.

THE Democrats of Yonkers have made a wise decision in selecting Mr. John Kendrick Bangs as their candidate for Mayor. Mr. Bangs is a Democrat by instinct and preference. He is one of the young men who have thought their way into the Democratic party, and he is able not only to declare that he is a Democrat, but to explain why. Besides this, he is a thoroughly good citizen, not one of the men who are content to work and play, leaving to other men the task of making life comfortable and safe while they are attending to their selfish wants. He is the kind of man who recognizes that it is a citizen's duty to do a citizen's work, and that politics is as much his work in this country as earning his bread and butter. He has been nominated by the regular Democratic organization of Yonkers, and that is a sign that there is much good in that organization, and that they are glad to make use of talent and character when they can. If more men of Mr. Bangs's kind would take part in politics they would discover, what most of them do not seem to know,

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

that regular party organizations like ability and character. It is only when a party organization has been left to the control of men who are in politics for money that ability and character are at a discount. Mr. Bangs, in going into politics, has done his duty, and if the people of Yonkers do not encourage him and men like him by electing him Mayor, they will show a great indifference to their material interests.

Mr. Bangs himself is admirably fitted for the office, to which he has not aspired, for he has consented to be a candidate after much solicitation. I have no doubt that if he is elected Mr. Bangs will find the office of Mayor most congenial, and yet to a man of his habits of life and mind it probably appears quite otherwise. Therefore he is really making a sacrifice in accepting the nomination—a sacrifice which is not more often made because good citizens too seldom demand the nomination of their kind. Mr. Bangs will find the office of Mayor congenial because he is a man who is fond of work, and will be gratified by being able to do something for the welfare of the community in which he lives. He is a literary man, and one of the successful literary men of the country. What he has achieved in one occupation he is capable of achieving in another.

He is one of the most popular men of his trade. He is a humorist because he has a keen eye for human nature. He is diligent and alert, not at all the humorist whose mind loves to sport largely with the funny side of a subject, but quick-witted and keen, active, and interested in what is going on around him. He is a modern literary man, a man of the world, with a relish for the hard facts of life. He is no dreamer of dreams. He would be a good business man or a good lawyer. He will do anything well that he finds interesting, and as he takes an interest in civic affairs, he will look after them with industry, and in a short time the old politicians will find him able to give them advice. Hitherto Yonkers has been to him his place of rest and relaxation, but he has taken an interest in the community, and has a stake in the city. He is a man of executive ability and business habits, and his one object will be to secure good government.

If the good citizens of Yonkers know Mr. Bangs they will gladly vote for him for Mayor. If they elect him they will have as their chief executive not only a good citizen and a man of right intentions, but they will have, what is much rarer, a man of strong will, fine courage, and possessing a keen and practical intellect.

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

MR. ENOCH PRATT HONORED.

THE most notable event in the banking circles of Baltimore this year was the recent dinner to Mr. Enoch Pratt, the veteran banker, who declined a re-election as president of the Clearing-house Association of Baltimore, of which he had been the head since its organization.

Mr. Pratt is in his eighty-fifth year. For fifty-five years he has been associated with the Farmers' and Planters' Bank, which is one of the strongest institutions of the city, the presidency of which he still retains. Mr. Pratt was born in North Middleborough, Massachusetts, September 10, 1808. After a few years in a store in Boston, in 1831 he removed to Baltimore and became a commission merchant. Then he founded the wholesale iron house of Pratt & Keith, which has had a long career of undiminished prosperity. In the early history of railroads he identified himself with the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad, now controlled by the Pennsylvania, and he did much to build up the steamboat commerce of the Chesapeake Bay, one of the most important lines being practically controlled by him. He did more than any other man to secure the House of Reformation for Colored Children, and many dollars of his money have gone to that very useful institution. He was and is the main individuality in the Maryland School for the Deaf and Dumb. He takes a lively interest in the Maryland Institute for the Promotion of the Mechanic Arts—a school which is a very important part of the educational equipment of the city of Baltimore. He is treasurer of the Peabody Institute of Baltimore, and the founder of the institute, Mr. Peabody, considered him one of the ablest financiers he had ever known. His experience in handling the affairs of other great public enterprises had much to do in persuading him to carry out his own plans of a public benefaction during his lifetime. He decided to give to Baltimore the best free public library in the United States, and he determined, if his life was spared, to see to its construction himself. On January 21, 1882, he sent to the city government his proposition. It was a central building, to cost $225,000, with four branches to be erected later, and a cash gift of $833,333 33 on condition that the city created an annuity of $50,000. The money has some time since reached a sum sufficient for the annuity, and as a consequence the library is perpetually self-sustaining. The usefulness of this library, with its four branches in all parts of the city, is inestimable. It is crowded at all times of the day, and it has become one of the great educational agencies of Baltimore. The buildings combine every advantage of convenience and ornament, and are among the architectural attractions of the city. It has been pronounced the best free library in America.

Although a Republican in a city which seems to be uncompromisingly Democratic, he was unanimously elected one of the finance commissioners, a position of great honor, and he has held this place for many years. He has endowed an academy in his Massachusetts home, remodelled a church in Baltimore—but space fails to recount his many practical and noble benefactions.

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WE can mention no failure more disastrous than that of physical energy. It involves the partial suspension of the digestive and assimilative processes, and entails the retirement from business of the liver and kidneys. Only through the good offices of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters can the restoration of its former vigorous status be hoped for. When this aid has been secured, a resumption of activity in the stomach, liver, and bowels may be relied upon. The Bitters conquers malaria and kidney trouble.—[*Adv.*]

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has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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in its first stages. In the beginning it will yield to a mild remedy. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are useful when Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Influenza, Hoarseness, and Sore Throats are prevalent, giving almost immediate relief.—[*Adv.*]

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WILD-GOOSE SHOOTING.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar W. Whitney has sailed for London in the interest of Harper's Weekly, *with a view to making a careful study of Amateur Sport in England. Mr. Whitney will soon begin to contribute his articles from abroad, and in the mean time this department will be supplied by prominent authorities on special subjects connected with amateur sport.*

WILD-GOOSE SHOOTING.

BY STODDARD GOODHUE.

The man who originated the saying "silly as a goose" cannot have been a sportsman. His experience of geese had evidently been confined to the degenerate specimens of the barn-yard. The wild-goose is a bird of a different feather. "Silly" is the last word one would think of applying to this wariest, keenest-eyed, shrewdest of fowls. The man who can outwit him and bring him to bag may justly claim to be a past master in the art of Nimrod; while he who fails may at least console himself with the thought that he does not lack for company. To be outwitted by a bird is not flattering, but few who have hunted the wild-goose have missed this wholesome experience.

But the sportsman who learns a lesson from each failure will presently be able to turn the tables on the fowl, recalling that he laughs best who laughs last. The laugh will never be all on one side, however, for the craftiest sportsman will find an occasional goose whose cunning matches his own; some fine old centurion honker whose senses penetrate blinds and disguises as if by divination. It is really nothing so occult, however; it is merely trained observation and logical reasoning—strange faculties, perhaps, to ascribe to a bird, but he has them none the less. The goose is not naturally a timid bird. Only through sad experience has he become wary and suspicious. When first introduced to man he is guileless and confiding. Even at this late day, members of the tribe in outlying districts of the Northwest are still utterly unsophisticated. In the early fall large flocks may be approached at will on horseback, and the Indians dash through the flocks on their ponies, killing the birds with short clubs or trampling them underfoot. When the survivors have learned this trick, the hunters approach them behind trained bullocks, and mow swaths in the ranks with heavy guns. But soon the birds learn to fear cattle as well as horses, and, indeed, to shun every object behind which a man might possibly be concealed. And it has been demonstrated that this acquired knowledge is communicated to the inexperienced birds; so that presently veterans and novitiates alike are shy and suspicious, as the Eastern sportsman always finds them.

Gifted with such receptiveness of mind, geese ought to become very knowing fowl, for they are great travellers. Twice yearly many of them wing their way across the entire temperate zone, and, for anything known to the contrary, many of them may compass the entire arctic zone as well. Brant have been found breeding above 82° north latitude. From there to the pole is a short day's excursion, as the goose measures distances. If there is open water about the pole, we may be sure that brant, and perhaps also emperor geese and the "horned wavy" sometimes visit it. Canada geese and the white fronts are somewhat less ambitious, but even they breed on the shores of the Arctic Ocean.

Not all the Canada geese go so far, however. A few settle for the season even this side the British line, nesting in marshes or beside prairie lakes, or even, as along the Columbia River, occupying a deserted hawk's nest in a tree! In midsummer, while the goslings are still helpless "flappers," the old birds moult. Unlike most birds they shed all the wing quills together, and for a time are unable to fly. But by early fall old and young are on the wing, ready to join their hardier relatives from the north who are retreating slowly before the arctic winter. All along the line hunters of one class or another prepare to welcome them. Of those that cross the arctic circle southward bound in the fall perhaps one in ten will live to recross it in the spring. Like the other large game-birds of our country, the wild-goose is becoming scarcer year by year. Even now his voice is only a memory in many regions where once his "honk" was as familiar a harbinger of spring as the warble of the bluebird. This call-note of the goose has the distinction of being about the only bird-note, except, perhaps, bob-white's, that sounds the same to every one. Robin, bluebird, redwing, and the rest have a different song for each listener, but to every ear the goose says simply "honk."

In speaking thus I refer chiefly to the Canada goose—the bird which is known to sportsmen everywhere in this country simply as the "goose." There are really fifteen or sixteen other species and sub-species of the tribe on our continent, varying much in appearance, habits, and voice; but the Canada well merits the distinction conferred upon him, for he is the largest and finest of the tribe, as well as the most uniformly distributed from Atlantic to Pacific. He has several very near relatives, call sub-species by the classifiers, that closely resemble him in everything but size. One of these, the cackling goose of Alaska, is a veritable dwarf, not much larger than a mallard duck. Another, the Hutchin's goose, not so very much larger, sometimes straggles to the Atlantic coast, puzzling the Eastern sportsman. All wear the same conspicuous black hood and white cravat. There are really only four other species of geese of practical interest to the general sportsmen of the United States. These are the brant, the snow goose, the white front, and the blue goose. The brant is chiefly maritime, seldom being seen at all in the interior. It is represented along the Pacific by a sub-species called the black brant. The snow goose is represented by two or three sub-species, differing only in size, and the white front is itself a variety of the European goose of the same name. The blue goose greatly resembles the young of the snow goose, with which it is often confounded. The remaining species are of interest chiefly to the ornithologist, the barnacle goose being only an occasional straggler from across the Atlantic, the emperor and Ross's goose seldom coming so far south as the United States, and the odd "tree-ducks" barely crossing our southwestern border from Mexico.

The experience of the sportsman who shoots along the Atlantic seaboard will be confined chiefly to brant. In the interior, especially in the Mississippi Valley and westward, Canadas, white fronts, snow, and blue geese will often be found associating together, seeking the same feeding-grounds, and in general having much the same habits. Suggestions for pursuing one apply in the main to all alike. In the far West they appear in the winter in prodigious numbers, sometimes covering the ground for acres, the white species seeming in the distance like banks of snow. In the Mississippi Valley they do not appear in such hordes, but rather large flocks are common, and scattered companies much more so. Colloquially, the blue geese are called "brant," the snow geese "white brant," and the white fronts "speckled-bellies," the name "goose" being, as elsewhere, reserved for *Canadensis*. All these species feed for the most part on the upland, in pastures, meadows, stubble, or corn-fields. Where food is plentiful, morning and evening are the feeding hours, the middle of the day, especially in clear weather, being spent in marshes or ponds along the prairie sloughs or in the larger lakes, the same resorts furnishing roosting-places for the night. The sportsman in selecting a site for shooting must be guided somewhat by the hour of the day and by the weather. He must also study the habits of the game in the particular locality where he is hunting before he can hope for great success. Geese are capricious in selecting water resorts in particular. Often a pond which to human judgment seems "just the place" will be avoided altogether by the birds. In selecting a pond, therefore, one should always go to one where he has seen either the geese themselves or evidences of their former presence.

It is seldom necessary or desirable to build a blind beside one of these ponds. The tall grasses about them or the rushes along their edges afford far better hiding-places than any artificial screens. The sportsman should repair to the shooting-ground before daybreak, approaching the pond very cautiously, as the goose has a keen ear. He will get but a single shot, as the birds leave the pond in the early dawn, and he may have to wait two or three hours before the straggling companies, having secured their breakfast on the upland, begin to return. Meanwhile the birds secured in the first flight should be posed in lifelike attitudes, with the aid of sharpened rushes, for decoys. This is especially important, as otherwise the geese that were disturbed there in the morning may decline to return, passing by this favorite pond, and seeking a new resort for the mid-day bath. The sight of other geese apparently resting safely in the pond will quiet their suspicions. If, in addition, the sportsman can imitate the call-note, as is not very difficult after a little practice, "honking" a welcome to each flock as it approaches, the victims are still further reassured. If the geese head for you and then veer off you may feel pretty sure that you are not well hidden, and that their sharp eyes have detected you. Or most likely you have moved a trifle, turning to get a better view of the distant game. You will learn by-and-by that a goose is never so far away, so long as he is in sight at all, that a mere turning of your head may not attract his attention. Motion attracts the eye far more readily than mere form or color. If your shooting costume is of a neutral tint, as it must be if you are to succeed, you may sometimes escape detection, even in an exposed position, by lying absolutely still, but the cleverest blind will hardly hide you if you shift about whenever game comes in sight. It is many chances to one the goose will see you before you see him if you wear dark clothes, or if you keep moving.

Where there are lakes within a few miles of the feeding-grounds, geese usually select these rather than the smaller ponds, and many thousands of individuals sometimes resort to a single rendezvous. These lakes usually have marshy inlets and outlets, and nearly all the geese select one or the

(*Continued on page 262.*)

These four women, and four million others, are to-day wearing Dr. Warner's Coraline Corsets. Made in 25 different patterns, to fit every variety of figure—tall, short, slender, stout, either long, short, or medium waisted. The right one fits like custom-made. $1 to $12. Highest grade Parisian styles. Sold everywhere. Warner Bros., Makers, New York and Chicago.

(Continued from page 260.)

other of these channels for a "line of flight" in approaching or leaving the lake. The best flight-shooting I ever enjoyed was from a pointed sand bar that jutted partly across the outlet of such a lake. Just enough tall grass and rushes to afford concealment grew on this point, and flock after flock of geese coming to the lake passed directly over this natural blind. An occasional flight of canvas-backs, red-heads, or mallards varied the sport, and just at dusk great troops of sand-hill and whooping cranes joined the procession. Buffle-heads, teal, coot, and the rest of the small-fry fraternity were also flying, but one does not waste powder on such as these when larger game is plentiful.

The goose is so large a bird that the novice is likely to underestimate his distance in the air, and keep up a useless fusillade upon birds flying at a perfectly safe distance. The expert learns to save his powder, though a goose flying just beyond reach is a very tempting object. I recall in this connection an early experience of my own, in which, though a mere lad at the time, I had the wicked satisfaction of greatly puzzling and confounding a veteran goose-hunter, who had previously had many a laugh at my expense, by dropping a honker at eighty yards.

I had used what was termed a "thread-wound" cartridge, a device at that time new, and which I believe has never come much into vogue. It consisted of two little metal half-cylinders containing the shot, wound with fifty yards of thread. Until the thread unwound, the missile flew like a bullet, the shot only beginning to scatter at fifty or sixty yards from the gun. I do not recommend the device, as it is ruinous to a choke-bore, and of doubtful benefit even to a cylinder barrel, as well as being rather undependable, but it sometimes serves a useful purpose.

Of course no ordinary load in a shot-gun will harm a goose at eighty yards. Sixty yards is long range, and your gun must shoot "strong" to kill with certainty even at fifty. It is folly to hunt geese with a light gun which will not stand a heavy charge of powder, or with a small-gauge gun, which will seldom throw large shot well. A ten-gauge weighing eleven or twelve pounds is the best weapon, and the shot may vary from 2's for the smaller geese to B's or BB's for the Canada. It does no harm to carry a few shells loaded with O's or with small buck-shot with which to salute a particularly suspicious honker now and then. The exact size of shot selected for general use should depend upon the individual peculiarities of your gun, as tested by target practice. Sometimes a gun will throw a certain size remarkably well, and another size, but little different, very poorly. In such a case No. 3 well thrown might be better than No. 2 widely scattered. But unless your gun will throw some size larger than No. 2 reasonably well it is not a good gun for geese.

With the best of guns, properly loaded, the beginner will often fail in flight-shooting through not appreciating the

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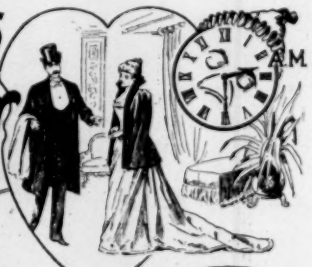

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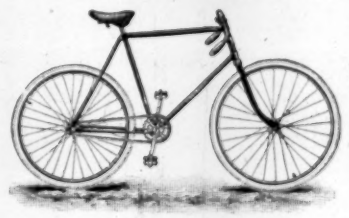

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swiftness of the bird's flight. Those slow-flapping wings carry the goose sometimes at the rate of ninety or one hundred miles an hour—that is, forty or fifty yards a second. As well fire in the other direction as aim *at* him as he passes your line of sight under such conditions. Swing your gun with him till it points five, ten, or even twenty feet in front of his bill, and the shot may find him; aim directly at him, and the shot will whistle harmlessly through the space where the bird was when you pulled trigger, but where he is no longer.

Another thing to be remembered is that the goose wears a breastplate of feathers that will shed ordinary shot almost as well as his back sheds water. Never fire at him, therefore, while he is coming "head on" if you can avoid it. From below or behind, the shot will penetrate between the feathers, while from in front they will probably do no harm unless wing or head is struck by a chance pellet.

In goose-shooting about ponds or lakes a good retriever is indispensable. As the weather is often very cold, the dog should be one having a thick coat of hair. Of course the traditional retriever is the spaniel, but the very best retriever I ever saw was a large English setter. He was strong enough to grapple with a wounded bird successfully, and he would go clear under water in pursuit of a diving bird, besides being intelligent enough to ferret out a cripple lurking behind a tussock of grass in a swamp, or exposing only its bill beneath a lily-pad. A goose can dive almost like a grebe when wounded, though never diving at all when uninjured.

If instead of lying in wait for the goose by the water's side one follows him to the upland where he feeds, quite a different task is in hand. The range of country over which the birds fly is so great that it is very difficult to hit upon a site for successful flight-shooting. To see the prairie dotted in all directions with great patches of geese is exhilarating and tempting, but this æsthetic pleasure is usually the only reward of the tyro. The expert sometimes secures good shooting by secreting himself in a clump of grass or weeds, and "calling" every flock that comes within hearing. Better yet, he may hide in a shock of corn in a field to which the birds resort, or in a fence corner beside a field of grain. At all times the best way is to find out where the goose is going, and then get there ahead of him.

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A. B. Hepburn
E. W. Bloomingdale
Henry Clews
Charles W. Dayton

On Saturday, March 3, a committee of well-known financiers, comprising Messrs. J. EDWARD SIMMONS, President Fourth National Bank and ex-President of the Stock Exchange; THOMAS L. JAMES, President Lincoln National Bank and ex-Postmaster-General of the United States; A. B. HEPBURN, President Third National Bank, ex-Comptroller of the United States Currency, ex-Bank Examiner of the United States and ex-Superintendent of State Banks; E. W. BLOOMINGDALE, of the dry-goods house of Bloomingdale Bros.; HENRY CLEWS, of the banking house of Henry Clews & Co., and CHARLES W. DAYTON, Postmaster of the city of New York, after spending over two hours carefully investigating The World's circulation books, press-room reports, mail-room reports, paper companies' bills for amount of paper furnished, receipts of said bills, orders from news companies and other records, and plying searching questions to The World's employees connected with the circulation department, signed the above certificate.

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